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Choice Poetry.

THE THREE SISTERS.

"We are three sisters worn with grief and tears,
Grown grey with sorrow rather than with years;
Well versed in grief, dejected, and depress,
Each deems her own has been the hardest part.
Approach; the poet knows the human heart—
Be it thy task to set the strife at rest.

First, learn my grief, how fearful and how deep;
Starting, I woke from childhood's rosy sleep,
The bud unclosed, a secret thrill came o'er me—
Love's breath drew forth the blossom to the light,
A hero raised me to his own proud height,
And life and all its charms lay bright before me!

Already with the bridal myrtle crowned,
For him in whom my very being was bound,
I watched with mingled fear and rapture glowing
The marriage torches cast their ruddy glare—
They brought me in his corpse and laid it there;
From seven deep wounds his crimson heart's blood flowing.

The nameless horror of that awful night,
That is the image stamped upon my sight;
Waking or sleeping, oh! it haunts me still.
I cannot live—to death I now belong:
And yet I cannot die! Oh God! how long
Must all these tortures last that will not kill?"

My second took the word with trembling frame;
The image is of *blood*, and not of *shame*,
That sleeping still, or waking, meets her view
"*My* heart, too, open'd to that breath divine,
Anguish and rapture, they have both been mine;
In me the cup of love has mantled, too.

"The glory vanished from the loved one's brow,
I saw him selfish, mean! How faded now
His brightness! yet I loved him—*him alone!*
He fled—if shame yet chain him to her side,
Or raving madness drive him far and wide,
I know not; but the *grief* is all mine own."

She ceased; her sister sadly took the word;
"Thou patient now their sorrows thou hast heard,
Uncertain how to choose betwixt the twain.
Have they not lived and loved? Our common doom,
Though Sorrow wraps them in her veil of gloom,
And bade them to the dregs her chalice drain.

"In one brief sentence all my bitter cause
Of sorrow dwells; then, arbiter, oh pause,
Ere yet thy final judgment thou assign,
And learn my better right—too clearly proved;
Four words comprise it,—*I was never loved.*
The palm of grief, thou wilt allow, is mine."

CHAMISSO.

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

'Tis an old tale, and often told.—*Marmion.*

CHAPTER I.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
Then, at the balance, let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted.*—Burns.

In the close back room of a small ornamented cottage, on the outskirts of the village of Ellerton, in the arms of an old nurse lay an infant of a few hours old. It seemed about to resign its short life, to close forever the eyes which had only just opened on the world. Two girls—one of about seventeen, the other twenty-three years of age—stood beside the nurse, anxiously watching the feeble struggles of the child.

"Must it die, nurse?" at last asked the elder one. "Poor Amy!"

"I am afeared it must, Miss Shepherd. I've seen many babies very weak like, just at the first, but never one so bad as this."

"I will go and tell Amy, then—she may wish to give it one look while it is still alive."

Miss Shepherd walked slowly into the next room, and softly undrew the curtains of the bed. "Amy," she murmured.

The invalid opened her large blue eyes, and turned her pale face on her sister.

"Amy, dear Amy, I'm afraid your poor child is very ill. Nurse thinks it cannot live long. I thought it best to come and tell you."

"It is well," whispered the young mother; "then my child is safe in heaven!" And she languidly closed her eyes again, and turned away her face.

Surprised, and somewhat anxious, Rachel Shepherd returned to watch by the child. An hour passed away, during which it seemed to be struggling with death. Then a change came—the livid hue disappeared, and at length it slightly unclosed its eyes.

"It will live," said the nurse, with a smile of triumph, and she got up to lay it in the cradle.

"Let me take it to Amy," said Charlotte, the younger girl; "it will please her so much to see it for one moment." And taking the tiny roll of flannel in her arms, she approached her sister.

"Amy, your child will live—live to bless you."

Again the invalid opened her eyes, and kissed the child, which Charlotte held to her lips, while she murmured some words too feebly to be heard. But no smile passed over her face, and again she turned away, almost as if displeased at the interruption.

"Amy seems very weak, nurse," said Charlotte, as she gave her back the child; "is it right to be so?"

Mrs Roberts walked quickly into the next room, then in a moment flew past Charlotte down the stairs of the cottage. In another minute she returned with the village doctor, and they went together into Amy's room. A short time after, the latter came out with a grave face and asked for Miss Shepherd. Rachel approached.

"I am sorry to tell you, Miss Shepherd, thus abruptly, that your sister is dying. But she is past my skill—I fear she has not many hours to live."

"Poor Amy," said Rachel, calmly. "I feared it would be thus. Her short, sad life is ended."

This was spoken musingly, as if to herself. Then turning to the doctor, she begged him to be so kind as to send Mr Price to them immediately. He kindly shook her hand and withdrew.

Rachel again approached her sister's bed.

"How do you feel, Amy?" she tenderly asked.

"Better," said the poor girl; and, for the first time she roused herself, and a smile played on her lips.

"Do you really feel better, Amy? I feared it was not so; Mr. Franklin—"

"I know what you would say, Rachel,—I am dying—I feel it, and I am happy to die."

"Have you no fear?" asked Rachel, bending over her.

"Should I be afraid, Rachel? I have suffered so much. I have thought so much of death—perhaps it is because I am so weak—but I feel happy to die."

"I have sent for Mr. Price, dear Amy, and he will talk to you. Will you look at your poor little child before he comes?" She fetched the infant, now sleeping, and laid it by its mother's side. "We shall call it Amy?" she said, inquiringly.

"No, Rachel, don't let it be like its poor mother. What is *his* mother's name?—I am so weak, I forget it." She was silent for a moment. "Ah! I remember—he told me it was Isabel: call her Isabel—his mother's name may touch him more than his poor wife's. Oh, Rachel! be a mother to my child; and if ever you see George again, tell him how I loved him and prayed for him. I am very weak—let Mr. Price come quickly."

A few hours later, Mrs. Denison calmly breathed her last.

Mr Shepherd had been for nearly fifty years curate of Ellerton. The rectors had changed many times, but he had always, not, perhaps, without reason, been passed over. After a time he became indifferent about preferment, a small private fortune enabling him to live in tolerable comfort; and he wished for nothing that would remove him from Ellerton, to which he was much attached. He was a good man, kind-hearted and charitable—but of little intellect, of little knowledge beyond the commonest theological attainments, and of little marked character of any sort. He had married a woman far superior to himself; but, though he tenderly loved her, she was even till her death—soon after the birth of her fourth child—unappreciated by her husband.

Of his four children, the youngest—a son—was a midshipman; the three daughters grew up in his house. Rachel and Charlotte Shepherd, the eldest and the youngest, although they were both, in strength of character, superior to him, were cast in the same mould. But Amy, the second, was like her mother, as well in her disposition as in her exquisite beauty; and, though there was much affection, there was little sympathy between the sisters. Amy was romantic, dreamy and melancholy—indulging in visions of brightness and refinement, which it was impossible should ever be realized. Her sisters were busy, active, industrious, devoting themselves heart and soul, to the good of the people of Ellerton—in tormenting, preaching to, and scolding men, women and children. And yet Amy was more beloved than they were, though, partly from timidity and partly from indolence, she was unable to busy herself after their fashion; still wherever sorrow or sickness was to be found, there too she might be seen, with her soft voice and earnest manner, comforting and consoling. A guiding hand, a small degree of sympathy, and all might have been well with her; but these she found not. To her sisters—although they fondly loved her—to the neighbors, who could not understand her—she was a foolish, sentimental girl, and nothing more.

One of Amy's passions was scenery; one of her greatest pleasures to wander along the river banks, or in the beautiful woods that surrounded Ellerton. Though again and again repelled, she was always trying to make her sisters partake in her pleasure; but, though they consented, now and then, to go with her out of good nature, even Rachel could not conceal from her that she thought it a very useless way of spending her time; and, at length, Amy grew to prefer solitude to unwilling companions. Many and many a day, therefore, she wandered alone; till, one summer afternoon, as she slowly walked along the path of a low copse of wood belonging to a deserted Manor House, with her eyes fixed on the ground, she suddenly came upon a young man of noble and rather foreign-looking appearance. He was lying on the grass, with a couple of dogs by his side. Struck by her extreme beauty, as Amy paused, blushed, and then walked on again, he rose, and involuntarily took off his hat, then calling to his dogs to follow him, went off in an opposite direction. She had not, however, walked much further before she met the young man again. As they drew near to each other, he made a slight sign to one of his dogs; the animal flew at Amy, who stopped, timid and terrified. The stranger came hastily forward, called his dog, and begged her pardon; and so, without fault on Amy's side, began her acquaintance with Captain Denison.

It is needless to trace the progress of that acquaintance. Within three weeks from the day of their first meeting, Amy was missing from her father's house. To be loved with intense devotion; to be a first object to some human being; to find sympathy, that most entire sympathy of love—these were temptations greater than she could withstand; and she left all to be the wife of one almost a stranger to her, but who, she felt, loved her.

Three months passed, and Amy returned to her home with a broken heart. For a month, Captain Denison had thought but of her; during the next, he was kind and attentive, but far less devoted; the third month he spent principally in London, while Amy remained at the small country town where he had married her. At the end of the third month he returned one evening, after an absence of ten days. He dined with her, and his manner had resumed all its original passionate devotion. After dinner he suddenly got up, kissed her with fond affection, and left the room. Two hours afterward a servant brought her a letter. It contained the certificate of their marriage, a bank bill for a thousand pounds, and a few words from himself. He told her that he had not dared to confess his marriage to his father; that he could remain at ——— no longer; that he was ordered to sail for India early on the following morning, that it might be years before he returned to England. With many expressions of love he bade her farewell, commending their secret to her keeping, but added not one word as to the place of his destination beyond that it was India.

After a few days of anguish, embittered by remorse, Amy returned to her home. A month afterward, her father died. She never knew that sorrow on her account was the principal cause of the illness which bore him down. Her sisters felt that it would add an intolerable load to the grief and repentance that seemed to weigh her to the dust, and they were silent. She had asked and obtained his pardon; and to her, with her gentle voice and tender cares, it was given, more than all others, to soothe and bless his dying hours.

CHAPTER II.

Javan, I know that all men hate my father;
Javan, I fear that all should hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.
Fall of Jerusalem.

After the death of Amy and their father, the widow of a younger brother of Mr Shepherd came to live with her nieces, and, in their worldly circumstances, they were more comfortable than they had ever been. The two girls continued their former way of life, except that, with every succeeding year, the child of her sister asked and received more and more of the attention of Miss Shepherd; and never was a favorite daughter brought up more tenderly than the fatherless and motherless Isabel Denison.

In her first childhood, she gave her aunt unmixed pleasure; for she was a lovely, gentle, affectionate child; and, indifferent as Rachel was to personal appearance in general, even she could not but feel pleasure in the surpassing beauty of her charge. Isabel had the fair complexion and dark auburn hair of her mother; but her figure, her features, and the expression of her countenance, were entirely different. Captain Denison's mother was a Spaniard, and her grandchild had the dark, soft, brilliant Spanish eye, yet more striking and brilliant, contrasted with her fair skin. Already, even in childhood, too, her figure promised that undulating grace and dignity common to the Spanish women. She was indeed exquisitely beautiful,—and, as she walked along by the side of her aunt, with her noble, almost stately air, and her dark curls waving on her shoulders, the cottagers would come to their doors to gaze; and many a traveller paused upon his way, to admire and to smile upon her.

By degrees, however, as the peculiarities of her character unfolded themselves, some of the sorrows, as well as the joys of education appeared. There was, at times, a haughtiness and reserve in the little girl, which completely puzzled her aunt; and there were fancies, whims, and refinements, dislikes and antipathies, which Rachel could not understand, and which she hardly knew whether to punish as faults, or to pass over unnoticed.

"I cannot understand Isabel," she would say to her sister, "when I take her among the poor people, she is so gentle, that I am quite pleased with her; but, if she goes with me to visit our neighbors, she draws herself up as if there was no one good enough for her to speak to."

The fact was, that the little girl had an instinctive dislike to every thing vulgar. Many children show this dislike very early, unconsciously shrinking from vulgarity and noise, as if refinement of mind were a part of the innocency of childhood. In Isabel, however, it was more than dislike—she seemed to shudder at it.

The first event that broke the monotony of her life, was the marriage of Charlotte Shepherd, of which marriage she expressed the strongest disapprobation. A Mr. Jones, who had been clerk in a counting house in London, unexpectedly came into possession of a small property in the neighborhood of Ellerton. Charlotte, though rather on a large scale, was at six-and-twenty, still very handsome, and, even at their first meeting, was selected by Mr. Jones from the young ladies of the place, as the fortunate mistress of his house.

One evening, Mrs. Shepherd, her nieces, and Isabel, were sitting at tea, at the usual hour of seven, when Mr. Jones appeared. It was the third visit he had paid to their house in the course of a week, and in Rachel's eyes this looked very suspicious.

"Won't you take a dish of tea, Mr. Jones?" said old Mrs. Shepherd, as he appeared; "you will find it very refreshing this warm evening."

Mr. Jones gratefully accepted the offer, drew up a chair to the table, and said, turning to Isabel—

"Good evening, little lady; what, are you setting up to tea? In my day, children were snoring at this hour."

Isabel looked unutterable things, but made no answer.

"Not quite so strong, if you please, Mrs. Shepherd; and, if I might suggest, the sugar, five lumps, before the cream. I've lived a bachelor life so long, that you must excuse my being a little particular." Here was a glance at Charlotte.

"But I hope you don't mean to be a bachelor much longer, sir," said Mrs. Shepherd; "your new house must want a mistress."

"Very true, ma'am; and the master, too. In London, I had only to look out of the window, and I had plenty of company; but I have not grown to think trees and flowers companions yet. How should you like to live alone, my little lady?"

"Very much, sir," replied Isabel, loftily.

"Should you, indeed! Well, I am a social animal myself, and I think one little quiet party like this, worth whole days of solitude. I never could understand what people found to like in solitude. I hope you don't like it, Miss Charlotte?"

"No," she said, laughing; "I don't think I do at all."

"Oh, Miss Shepherd, by the by, I wished to speak to you about some money-matters. As I am come to live among you, I think it my duty to be of some use to the poor, at present; I know nobody—will you be my almoner?" He laid a £10 note before her. "Another time, I hope to have assistance nearer home."

And this time the glance at Charlotte was so prolonged, that she blushed, and he saw he was understood, which was all he was anxious to know before he made his proposal in due form.

Having finished five cups of tea he asked Charlotte if she would allow him to choose the geraniums, of which she had promised the cuttings—With a glance at her sister, she acquiesced, and they left the room together.

The door was scarcely closed, when Isabel, looking earnestly up to Rachel, asked "if Mr. Jones was going to marry Aunt Charlotte?"

"Bless the child!" said Mrs. Shepherd, "what makes her say that?" and, putting on her spectacles, she looked at the closed door, in hopes of gaining some information. Rachel smiled a quiet smile, and turned to Isabel.

"What makes you say that, dear?"

"Because I don't like Mr. Jones, and I should be very sorry indeed to see him marry Aunt Charlotte."

"Now, Isabel, there it is again. How often must I tell you, that it is very wrong to indulge these fancies about people. Mr. Jones is very good and very kind, and it is wrong of you to dislike him."

"Then I am very wicked," said the little girl, passionately, "for I can't bear him."

"Why, my dear," asked Mrs. Shepherd, "what can you see to dislike in Mr. Jones?"

"Don't ask her, aunt," said Rachel; "Isabel is very naughty to talk so, and she knows it."

Isabel said no more; but the tears swelling in her large eyes, showed from how deep a feeling she had spoken; and even Rachel was sorry for her when, on the return of Mr. Jones, radiant with happiness, she saw her shrink from the two loud kisses which he imprinted on each cheek.

The time passed on after Charlotte's marriage, and every day the difference of character between the aunt and niece became more apparent; but it did not diminish the affection existing on either side. Isabel was a docile and obedient child; and in all Rachel's great principles—her rigid sense of duty, her reverence for truth, her self-denial and self-control, she more than acquiesced. To her narrow-minded views of men and things, her opinion of the frivolousness of accomplishments, her utter blindness to all that was beautiful, she submitted also in silence; but it was with a pain which those only who possess, like her, a craving after the knowledge of all that was great and noble, could comprehend. It was her disappointment in this respect which, more than everything else, kept the memory of her unseen father in her mind; she hoped the time would come, when he would remember her, and that with him her brightest visions would be realized. The only talent which Rachel had allowed her to cultivate, was her natural taste for music; and permission for this had been obtained with difficulty, and only through the intercession of Isabel's early enemy, Mr. Jones, who was fond of it; but, the permission, once given, she practised with the energy of genius, and, in after years, so many a dull and lonely hour was brightened by the beauty of her playing, that Rachel never repented the indulgence she had granted.

The next event, and it was a great event in Isabel Denison's quiet life was the return of her uncle, Captain Shepherd, after twenty years' absence from Ellerton. He had travelled all over the world; had conversed with every variety of person—he sang, he sketched, he spoke almost every language; in short, he seemed, to his astonished niece to know every thing, and to do every thing in the world. In addition, he had the frank, happy, joyous and yet refined manners of a sailor, and the charm was complete.

At the time of his return Isabel was a beautiful girl of fifteen, fully able to appreciate all he could teach, all he could tell; and he devoted himself, with great kindness, and much pleasure, to amuse, enlighten, and improve her ardent and inquiring mind. To her it was as a new life, as a bright dream; and too soon the flying visit was over, and she must again awake to the common existence of Ellerton.

The day before he left them, Captain Shepherd asked Isabel to walk with him to his sister's; and, Rachel being occupied, they were alone. They proceeded for some time in silence. Captain Shepherd was in low spirits at parting. Isabel was thinking. At last she broke the silence.

"Do you think you shall be going to India, Uncle James, in the course of your travels?"

"Yes, I think it very likely—most likely, indeed. Probably before six months have passed, I may be there. But why do you ask, Isabel? Have you any commissions?" he added, laughingly.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice. "Do you think my father is still there?"

Captain Shepherd was surprised. Rachel had told him that she never mentioned her father.

"He was there three years ago," he answered. "I happened to see his name in the newspapers;—but, even if he should be there now, India is a large place, dear Isabel, and I am not likely to see him—nor to wish to see him," he added, with a frown, "unless, indeed, you desire it."

Isabel sighed. "It is quite natural, Uncle James," she said, "that you should not think of him, except—except almost to hate him; but I am his child, and I feel, in spite of all, as if I loved him; and I wish he could know this. You don't think me wrong to love him?" she asked, anxiously, seeing his brows still contracted.

"No, Isabel. I had not thought of it in that light; but I suppose it may be natural. If I should chance to find him, for your sake, I will do as you wish. But what would you do should he return and claim you?"

Our Portrait Gallery.

JOSEPH, BARON DE JELLACHICH, BAN OF THE CROATS.

She looked up at him with some surprise. "Go to him," she said, simply.

"And leave us all? Rachel, too, who has been like a mother to you?" said he, with some asperity.

Isabel fixed her dark, expressive eyes on his face, as if they would speak all the feelings of her heart; and he seemed to understand her, for he kindly pressed her hand, and they walked on again, in silence. It was again Isabel that broke it.

"Do you remember my mother, Uncle James?"

"Remember her!" he said, hastily. The one bitter feeling that brooded within him had been aroused by her manner of speaking of her father, and he was still somewhat under its influence.—"Remember Amy, who was more to me than all the world besides! No, Isabel," he continued, with some bitterness, "it was not I who forgot her; it was one nearer to her than even I am."

"You have not forgiven my father," she said, sadly.

"Yes," he answered, after a pause, "I have forgiven him. It has been a long, long struggle—it has darkened my whole life; but I have forgiven him. There was a time when I thought my hand should avenge her; but it is past—yes, I have forgiven him; yes, Isabel, for your sake, I have forgiven him now."

In silence they went on, till suddenly he took from his pocket a small case, and put it into her hand.

"Perhaps you have never seen this; it is, I think, our only picture of Amy."

It was a hasty water colored sketch; but it gave an idea of great beauty.

Isabel gazed upon the soft, lovely, melancholy face till her eyes swam with tears; it was the first time she had seen the features of either of her parents.

"You shall keep it for me till I come again dear Isabel. I see you will value it. Forgive me, if I have seemed harsh. I dreaded that you thought only of your father; but I see it is not so. Let this be the token of forgiveness; and if ever you are rich," he added, with a kind smile, "you shall have it copied for me. And now let us be quick, for it is growing late."

CHAPTER III.

Forgive me, if I can not trust
Those eyes of heavenly blue;
For she was to my hopes as just,
Who looked as sweetly true.—*Song.*

Three years more passed quietly away. Isabel sat, one bright May morning, working with her aunt in their cheerful little drawing-room, when Mrs Shepherd came in with a face full of importance.

"Rachel, do you know that Mr Price has got a new curate?"

"I heard he was to have one very soon," said Rachel, quietly.

"Oh, but he is actually come! I went this morning to call on Mrs Chapman, and she says that she saw him arrive yesterday. And, do you know, he is going to live with Mr. Price—quite a new thing!"

"Did Mrs Chapman like his looks?" inquired Rachel, more to satisfy her aunt by some appearance of interest, than from caring in the least what Mrs. Chapman thought.

"I was going to tell you. She says he looks quite like what you read of in novels—she reads a great many, I know—a kind of hero—so tall and such black hair! She could not see his face, but, after that, I dare say that he is very handsome indeed."

Rachel shook her head. "I am very sorry to hear this; it never does well in a place like Ellerton. All the silly girls will be fancying he is in love with them."

"Well, my dear Rachel, never mind, if he does marry one of them: we have so many young ladies at Ellerton, and so few chances for them to settle, poor things." Rachel still shook her head. "Perhaps, however, you are right. I saw the Miss Chapmans at the window of the dining-room, watching Mr Price's house, and I shook my stick at them. However, I thought I would come and tell you, and now I must go on with my visits."

And the old woman hobbled away, not without a secret desire to meet the new curate herself.

She had not been gone many minutes before the maid opened the door, and ushered into the room Mr. Price, and the very person of whom they had been speaking.

"I am only come in for a moment, Miss Shepherd," began Mr. Price. "I beg your pardon for troubling you so early; but I am going the rounds of my parish with my young friend here, and I could not pass your door without introducing him to one who has been for so many years my best assistant. Mr. Grey, this is Miss Shepherd, of whom I have just been talking—and that is Miss Denison."

The young man bowed and slightly smiled, a mere complimentary smile, but he said nothing.—Mrs. Chapman was right, he was a hero looking man; so tall and dark, and with a countenance so grave and melancholy, almost severe, that it was impossible to see him without interest.

"No, thank you, Miss Shepherd, I won't stay. I only just looked in, as I said. Good morning, good-by, Isabel—why are you not out walking this fine morning?"

Mr. Grey slightly bowed again—one look, almost of surprise, he gave to Isabel, but he did not speak, and the door closed.

Rachel once more shook her head. "It will never do," she said; how could Mr. Price get such a person? The young ladies of Ellerton will think of nothing else. He appears to me to be only fit for a fine London preacher, such as Mr. Jones tells us about."

"I don't think you need be in a fidget, Aunt Rachel," said Isabel. "Mr. Grey does not look as if he meant to be very familiar with any of us. He is too grave for any of the girls here; they will talk of him for a week, but when they see that he does not think of them, as I feel sure he will not, they will soon grow tired of thinking of him."

Rachel and Isabel were both right. There was a great excitement at first—a great deal of gossip; but Mr. Grey devoted himself to his duties, and kept entirely aloof from the society of the place, and the interest in him soon passed away.

Herbert Grey (I must briefly give his history) was the only son of General Grey, a distinguished officer, who also possessed a small property of about £1,200 or £1,500 a year. He wished his only son to become a lawyer, both on account of the talents early shown by the boy, and also that he might keep him in England, and be able altogether to withdraw him from his profession, if sickness or old age should make him anxious for his society. Herbert Grey, therefore, went to Oxford. At one-and-twenty, he formed a violent attachment to a beautiful girl, the daughter of a banker in the neighborhood. She returned his love; there was no great objection to the marriage, and, consent being given on all sides, they were merely to wait till he had gone through the first hard study necessary to his profession. They were engaged—they appeared to live but for each other, and they parted only for six months, during which time he was to begin his studies in London. Before the six months had passed, the girl had chosen another and a richer lover, and the first that Herbert heard of her inconstancy was the announcement of her marriage in the newspapers.

His love had been intense; his suffering was agony. This blow deprived him of all trust in human truth and goodness, and above all, of all trust in women. If *she* were false, whose soul he thought he had read, and had found there nothing but purity and brightness, where could truth be sought? Yet the effect of this bitter experience upon him was unusual. In general, it is ruinous to the character of a man; for suspicion of evil in others is the destruction of good in ourselves; but Herbert, after the first agony had passed, though he felt a kind of scorn of human nature, yet seemed to look with something of the pity of an angel on the race he despised.

His own dream of life was over; he sickened at the thought of the law; but there arose a hope within him, as he said to his father, "Of being able to comfort the poor and the wretched, now that he knew what suffering was." With a most passionate argument, he entreated his permission to go into the church, and at last it was given. Since that time, three years had passed, and he now arrived at Ellerton as curate to Mr. Price, who was an old friend of his father's.

Isabel was right. Herbert Grey quickly showed that the young ladies of the place occupied not the least portion of his thoughts. He kept aloof from all society, devoting himself to study, and to unceasing labor among the poor. Even on Miss Shepherd he never called again. Occasionally she and Isabel met him in their walks; but a bow, or, at most, a few hurried words, was all that was exchanged between them. Isabel was disappointed; there was something, not only in his appearance, but far more in his preaching, that interested Isabel—a rigidness of duty—a severity of tone—too great, to many only repelling and despairing (the racking evil of his one painful experience), but which to her, to whom great thoughts were as the food of life, was unspeakably attracting. She often shrank from his words; but at the same time they seemed to fill her with new thoughts and feelings. She was disappointed, and yet, even in her disappointment there was pleasure. She could not have borne that he should go gossiping from house to house, as Mr. Price, good and kind as he was, was in the habit of doing.

It is possible they might have gone on for months without any greater degree of acquaintance, had it not happened that one fine Sunday afternoon Isabel was alone with old Mrs. Shepherd at church. There was but a small congregation, and such as it was, it consisted principally of old women and children. In the middle of the prayers, Isabel suddenly fainted. There was no one who could assist her, and Herbert Grey, who sat below the reading desk, before the sermon, himself carried her into the churchyard. Whether he was struck by the extreme beauty and interest of her appearance, as she lay so deadly pale, or whether it was but an act of common courtesy, can not now be known; but he called the next day with Mr. Price to inquire after her.—Rachel was not at home; Mrs Shepherd had always a great deal to say to Mr. Price, and Herbert was left to Isabel. She immediately thanked him gratefully for his kindness.

"Don't speak of it," he said; "how could I do otherwise? I hope you are not subject to these fainting fits?"

"I have had them before, but not this year; and I had quite forgotten all about them. Mr. Franklin has made me very angry to-day, by forbidding me to kneel down; but I can't obey him, can I?"

"I should think," said Herbert, gently, "that would be better than what happened yesterday.—Will he not forbid your going to church at all, if you are wilful?"

"I am not afraid of that. Aunt Rachel would never think that could be a right thing to do."

"How very good your aunt seems to be," said Herbert after a pause. "She is always employed for others."

"She is indeed," said Isabel, warmly; "she thinks only of doing good."

"And you, Miss Denison—?" with a slight inquiring smile.

Isabel shook her head. "I am not like my aunt," she said; "I can not, I really can not despise every earthly thing as she does. There seems to me so much that is good and beautiful in the world, and must it all be disregarded? I hope you don't agree with my aunt, Mr. Grey?"

"No, I don't think I do—not, at least, if we remember that the beauty of earth—by which I suppose you mean arts, and what are called accomplishments—are passing things, not made to occupy our hearts."

"I am not satisfied," said Isabel; "you call them passing things; now it seems to me that whatever is beautiful is far more—that it must have an influence forever."

"I am ready, if you are ready, Grey," called Mr Price, getting up. Herbert rose immediately.

"Mr. Price has promised to drink tea with us to-morrow," said Mrs. Shepherd; "quite a family party. Now, do, Mr. Grey, join us for this once."

"I am afraid I must not break my rule; though I thank you very much for your invitation." His eye glanced for an instant at Isabel. "Perhaps you will allow me to call in the evening, and walk home with Mr. Price?"

Isabel was singing, when Herbert came in the following evening. Captain Shepherd's parting gift had been an excellent piano forte, and Mr. Jones, in his flying visits to London, amply provided her with songs and music.

"Come, Isabel, don't stop for Mr. Grey," said Mr. Jones, as she paused; "begin the song again."

She complied. The air she sung was that beautiful one of Moore's

"Couldst thou look as dear as when first I sighed for thee."

Her voice was a soft, deep contralto, that voice the most capable of expression; and her singing, though it possessed none of the brilliancy that masters teach, was touching and beautiful. After the first few lines of the song, a cloud passed over Herbert's face, and, shading his eyes with his hands, he remained buried in thought.

"Capital, Isabel!" exclaimed Mr Jones, clapping his hands; "you sing better and better every day. I like these sentimental songs; they make me feel all no-how, and I rather like the feeling. Now, what shall we have next?" He tapped Herbert's shoulder. "What do you say, Mr. Grey?—shall it be sentimental again, or shall we have something to put us into spirits?"

Herbert started from his reverie. "If it were left to my choice, I should ask for the same song again."

"Oh, no, I can't hear of that! It seems to have given you the blue devils already. Come, Isabel, you must choose for us—something to satisfy us all."

"Here is one," she said, turning to Mr. Jones, "which I think you have not heard yet. It is pretty and not so very melancholy as the last." It was Knight's "Oh! what is the old man thinking?"

When the song was finished, Herbert got up, and came toward her. "You are right, Miss Denison; these things do not pass away; some impression they will leave forever!"

Isabel looked pleased but made no answer.

"Do you feel like an old man?" he continued, taking up the song and smiling. "You sing as if you did."

"I rather think I do," she answered, laughing; "I never was a very merry child—was I, Aunt Charlotte? I don't remember ever being so noisy as your little things."

"No; but then you were alone, Isabel, and that makes such a difference. I have six," she said with both a smile and a sigh.

Isabel had looked at her aunt; when she turned her head again, she met Herbert's gaze fixed upon her with an expression almost of sternness. It was as if he sought to read her soul. While she sang, some long-forgotten, happy feeling stirred within him; but, mingling with it, arose at the same moment the dark and dreary thoughts of doubt and suspicion, which for a time had seemed to sleep.

He turned away. Isabel played a few bars; then, hastily looking up, asked him if he never sang.

"Never," he said shortly, for there came over him a remembrance of the place and time, when and where he last had sung. A silence followed, and Mr. Price, after saying, as he usually did, that it was the pleasantest evening he had ever spent, rose to leave.

CHAPTER IV.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of Heaven is near—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse could ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.
Moore.

From this time Herbert and Isabel met occasionally. That it was occasionally was his fault, but terror as well as love had taken strong possession of his soul, and when one feeling drove him to seek her, the other, with a strange power, withheld him. Still they met occasionally; most often by accident. And when he was actually in her presence, suspicion died away, only, however, to rise more powerfully after each meeting, when left to the tormenting suggestions of his memory.

One Sunday afternoon, Rachel had been detained in the church yard by a poor woman; she and Isabel were still there when Mr. Price came out. Offering to walk home with them, he set off with Rachel; Isabel and Herbert followed.

"Shall you think me very impertinent," she said, suddenly looking up, after walking, as was often the case with them, a great part of the way in silence; "shall you think me very impertinent, if I ask you something about your sermon?"

"Not at all," he said, with the grave inquiring smile he sometimes fixed upon her face; "far from it."

"Ah! but what I have to say is rather impertinent, for it is, in fact, something like finding fault. However, as you give me leave, I will ask you whether you are not rather severe in what you say to us?"

"Severe?" he asked with surprise. "How do you mean?"

"I mean that you hold before us so very high a standard of virtue, and yet you give us so little hope, so little encouragement, toward attaining it."

"Do you object to a high standard of virtue?" he said gravely, almost coldly.

"Oh, how can you think that? Higher and higher still—to perfection, if I could have my wish." She spoke with such a glow on her cheek, such an earnest tone in her voice, that it thrilled through Herbert's heart. "But then, after all, how very weak human nature is, and I think what I mean is that you scarcely seem to feel for it to pity it, enough."

"I pity suffering and sorrow," he said, rather gloomily; "I have no pity left for weakness and sin."

"Perhaps you will think it strange if I say so," replied Isabel, gently, "but I can not help feeling pity for both weakness and sin." After a moment's pause, she added, "I have reason to feel it."

They had almost reached the cottage. Herbert stopped, and said,

"I will think of what you have said. Perhaps I am too severe, but I will say, as you have done, I have reason to be so."

Mr Price and Rachel had far outstripped them, and stood at the cottage gate. He turned round as they drew near. "I was just telling your aunt, Isabel, that my yearly great dinner is to take place on Thursday. You will all come of course. It will be your first appearance in the fashionable world; won't it, my dear?" was his parting joke. "You were ill, I think, last year?"

The Shepherds had never mixed much in what little society there was in the place. Rachel was too busy ever to wish for it; old Mr Shepherd preferred morning visiting; and the vapid, insipid gossip wearied Isabel to death. They had never, therefore, gone beyond the commonest terms of civility, and it so happened that Isabel had never dined out before. Occasional small tea parties, given by Mrs Jones or Mrs Chapman, had been her utmost dissipation. A few months back, she would hardly have given the present invitation a thought, but now she did think of it, and with pleasure. The chance of meeting Herbert had given an unaccustomed interest to her daily life. Was she then in love with him? No, it was but interest—she liked to hear his opinions on all subjects, she liked to watch his grave and melancholy countenance when he was silent. Above all, she liked to see that grave countenance change in the sweet peculiar smile which occasionally stole over it. No, it was not love. It was strange, perhaps, that it was not so, but as yet it was but interest.

"How nice you do look, Isabel!" said Mrs. Shepherd, as she came down on the Thursday evening. "I like to see you dressed, my dear."

"Isabel always looks nice," said Rachel, gazing at her with a pleased expression; "and yet, I will say for her that she is not the least extravagant in her dress."

At Mr. Price's they found a large party assembled—fourteen or fifteen people. His annual dinner was thought a great deal of, because, as the young ladies remarked, he always managed to have somebody worth looking at. The somebodies worth looking at on this day—were—not Isabel, in her surpassing loveliness, but a Mr Franklin, the son of the village doctor, who lived at some distance; an officer from a neighboring town; a nephew of Mr. Price's, who had come from London expressly for the occasion, and Herbert Grey, who, as he had not been seen in society before, caused a little sensation.

As Isabel came in, Miss Bridges the Attorney's daughter, nudged the second Miss Chapman. She was dressed quite simply, in white muslin; her only ornament a locket which hung round her neck, and contained the hair of both her parents. The Miss Chapmans were dressed in yellow barege, with a perfect garden of artificial flowers on their heads. Miss Bridges might have sat for the picture of the goddess Iris, attired in all the hues of the rainbow.

"What do you think of Miss Denison?" inquired the latter young lady, of Mr. Franklin, junior, who stood beside her. "She is a handsome girl, certainly, but I can't say I like such large eyes myself; it is not at all like an English girl. I'm sure, if I were her, I should be quite afraid of lifting them up! People might say such things."

"She need not be afraid," said young Franklin; "her eyes are more the eyes of an angel than of a mortal."

"I am glad you think so," replied Miss Bridges; "I always like to hear my own sex admired."

And Herbert, what were his thoughts as he stood leaning against the chimney-piece? Could they have found words, they might have been such as these. "Was ever living creature so fair, as she who sits before me in her unconscious loveliness? And can it be that falsehood is shrouded in that angel *form*?—that the purity and brightness which reign upon her brow are but as deceiving lights?"

"No," he answered himself, "I cannot think it." The dark forms of suspicion and distrust were cast away; light had dawned for him again on earth, for he loved again—he trusted again. The cloud vanished from his brow, and, as he moved toward Isabel, the very expression of his countenance was changed. She remarked the sudden animation and brightness which lit up his face, but had no idea of the cause of that change.

Herbert placed her at the table, having managed to secure her to himself. It was really a fine dinner for Ellerton, and Isabel's eye wandered down the long table in some surprise and some pleasure. Herbert was watching her. "Mr. Price tells me this is quite an unusual party. You have then, I suppose, but little society at Ellerton."

"So little," Isabel answered, "that I never dined out till to-day. There are a good many tea parties, but they are so tedious, that neither Aunt Rachel nor I can often bear them. We go for civility two or three times a year, otherwise we live quietly at home."

"And you are satisfied with this quiet life?" said Herbert, with a smile of pleasure and admiration. "How few in your position would say the same!"

"*I* did not say so," said Isabel, laughing and shaking her head. "I am afraid it was you who said so for me. I fear that I am very far from being contented with it. I do long, very much and very often, to see another world than this." A cloud passed over Herbert's face. "I see you are dissatisfied with me," continued she, turning toward him; "but are you not rather hard upon me? Is it not natural that I should wish to see some place besides Ellerton—some people besides these?" and she looked round the table.

"Very natural," said Herbert; but he sighed.

"But these are not my chief reasons," she continued, with hesitation. There was something in Herbert which seemed, almost against her will, to force her to overcome her natural reserve. "My father—do you know about my father?"

"Mr Price has mentioned him to me."

"Yes, everybody knows how he has forgotten me," said Isabel, sadly; "but he will come back—I know he will—and then—"

"Do you really expect him still?"

"Oh, yes! every day—every day is a fresh disappointment; but I do not despair—I know he will remember me at last."

"Your hope, then," said Herbert, with some surprise, "is, that he will claim you—that you will live with him?"

"Yes, I do hope it. Surely, surely that is not wrong?"

"You wish then, to leave your aunt—your present life where you can do so much good—and become, perhaps, a fine London lady?" He spoke with sadness, rather than harshness.

"I think you are rather severe, Mr. Grey," she answered with great gentleness. "No, I have no wish to be a fine lady, though, perhaps, dreams of a brighter kind of life will sometimes float before my eyes. But—do you remember the other day, when I said that I *must* pity weakness and sin? But, because I pity, do you suppose I forget it? Do you think I ever forget what my father did, and can I hope that he will be forgiven till he returns and remembers me?"

She then turned away her head, to hide the tears which started in her eyes, and was immediately seized upon by her other neighbor, the young officer, who was very indignant at having been left entirely to Mrs Chapman, while the beautiful Miss Denison sate by his side. His unceasing rattle continued till dessert was put upon the table, when Isabel took advantage of the intrusion of a long arm between them, to turn a deaf ear to the stream that was murmuring on the other side of the barrier.

Herbert had never spoken: he had been pondering on what she had said, but now immediately resumed the conversation. "You are right, always right," he began; "but still, you own you have dreams of a brighter life. Could nothing, Miss Denison, ever induce you willingly to pass your life in the country—even in as dull a place as Ellerton?" The tone, the look, startled her. For the first time, a thrill passed through her heart as she thought he loved her, a thrill at once of pleasure and alarm.

"I think you still mistake me," she answered, with some hesitation. "I don't fancy that I could ever bear to live very long in a town. It was of people, not of places, that I spoke—or, at least, I think my curiosity about places would very soon be satisfied."

"People, not places," he repeated. "If, then, it were possible that you could love in the country"—and he fixed his eyes on her as he spoke—"the country, even Ellerton, might satisfy you?"

His look embarrassed her—such a grave, piercing, meaning look. She slightly blushed, then laughed it off.

"You really have catechized me very severely to-night, and I have been very good to answer so many questions. You ought to be afraid of my retaliating. Will you answer me if I begin to question you?"

"If you please," he said, rather sadly; "but I am afraid that my examination will not interest you."

"Oh, yes, it will indeed. One thing will interest me very much, if you will really answer me." She paused a moment to consider if her question was an indiscreet one; then, notwithstanding a secret warning that it was so, boldly asked it.—"Do you remember your telling me, the other day, that you had reasons for being severe on human nature?"

"Yes, I remember it, and it is true," he said, and his brow clouded over as he spoke. "I have reasons for thinking ill of human nature, which it will take much to make me forget."

Isabel looked up inquiringly, but was afraid to speak. Herbert read her countenance. "You wish to ask me what they are?" he said.

"Yes, I should like to hear them, if you have no objection—if it is not painful to you to tell me."

"It is painful," he said; "but I will tell you some day, if you will listen to me. Perhaps, however," he continued, sadly, "you will not wish to do so, when I say that the confession must be to hear another history at the same time."

There was a silence. Isabel did not answer, but involuntarily glanced at Mrs. Shepherd as imploring glance to beg her to move. Mrs. Shepherd took the hint, and led the way into the drawing room. Isabel followed as in a dream; and, unconscious of what she did, walked to the window, and looking out into the dusky twilight, pondered on what had passed. She was not very much in love, perhaps, but that strange thrill of pleasure had shot through her heart which is felt when first a girl knows herself beloved. She was aroused from her reverie by the voice of Miss Laura Chapman. "Do you admire Mr. Grey, Miss Denison?" Isabel felt her incivility, and hurriedly sat down with the young ladies, who had clustered together, but forgot to answer the question. It was repeated.

"Do you admire Mr. Grey, Miss Denison? Matilda Bridges says she thinks nothing of him."

"I think him very handsome, if you mean that. I should have thought that even those who disliked him must allow it."

"What should make you think I dislike Mr. Grey?" said Miss Bridges, sharply. "I'm sure I never said so. Has he been complaining of me?"

"Oh, no," said Isabel, laughing, as she thought how far from Miss Bridges had been their conversation. "I did not mean *you*, particularly; I dare say you like him very much," she added, rather maliciously.

"*I* like him! I'm very sure I never trouble my head about him."

Isabel made no further answer, but, anxious to atone for her former incivility, turned to the elder Miss Chapman.

"How very early you get up, Miss Chapman; I saw you practicing this morning as we went by your window at eight o'clock."

"Oh, it was quite a chance! Papa was going to a place a good way off, and wanted to be back for this dinner, so he was up early, and I got up to breakfast with him. How came you to be out walking at that time?"

"My Aunt Charlotte's baby was christened this morning, and we went to breakfast there before the christening. I was a god-mother for the first time, and I feel very respectable in consequence."

"Was your god-child called Isabel?"

"No; I was rather offended about it. Mr Jones said Isabel was too fine or too foreign for his little girl. It was called Sarah Jane—not very pretty."

"No, what a pity! I do like pretty names, and mine is so ugly. There, you are Isabel, which is quite beautiful, and there is Laura, and Miss Bridges has a very sweet name, Matilda, and I am only Elizabeth."

"You should console yourself," said Isabel, smiling, "by thinking how much greater a name you have. Remember Queen Elizabeth."

"Very true—I had forgotten that."

"I believe Matilda was a queen, as well as Elizabeth," remarked Miss Bridges, drily.

The time, a long and weary time, passed, till the gentlemen came into the drawing-room. Miss Bridges then returned to good humor till later in the evening, when Mr Price approached, and asked her to sing.

She gave a slight cough, and said she was very sorry, but she was so hoarse.

"Come, Miss Bridges," he persisted, "pray, sing; I never knew a young lady who, when she was asked to sing, did not say she was hoarse. Pray, favor us."

"Really, Mr. Price, I should be very happy to sing, but you must hear how altered my voice is."

He turned from her, much to her disgust, as she had expected another and more pressing entreaty, to which she had intended to yield. He next applied to the Miss Chapmans, but they could not sing without their book.

"Then you, my dear Isabel, must sing for them all; I'm sure you won't refuse me."

She smiled, and went at once to the piano-forte. Miss Bridges winked to the Miss Chapmans, and whispered very audibly to young Franklin—"Very modest, to be sure!"

Isabel began with the "Battle of the Baltic." Mr Price's especial favorite, for which he beat time on the back of her chair, to Herbert's great irritation. Mr Jones soon, however, begged for something more sentimental, and she sang with much expression, "The wreath of roses," which had been but lately published. It was received, as usual, "with rapturous applause."

"Now, that is what I call singing," said Mr. Franklin to Miss Bridges. "How much better that is than the outlandish songs some people sing. I could listen to Miss Denison forever."

"I can't say I agree with you; I'm not partial to English songs myself, and I believe you, Mr. Franklin, are singular in your admiration."

"Am I?" he said, looking round the room. "See how our partner's rapt"—(Mr. Franklin was a quoter of Shakspeare)—pointing to Herbert, who sat indeed buried in thought, behind Isabel's chair. "*He* rather likes English singing, I imagine." Miss Bridges smiled scornfully. "I see what you mean," he added, (for he was too good natured ever to think of bad passions), "you think there are other feelings there besides love of music. I believe you are right—it had struck me at dinner to-day."

"Indeed, Mr. Franklin, I'm quite in the dark. What feelings do you allude to? If you suppose Mr. Grey to be in love with Miss Denison, I can contradict such an idea with authority."

"Indeed!" he said, with some surprise. "Well, I'm usually wrong when I take to match-making."

Mrs. Shepherd remained the last of the party. She never held much to the proverb, that "Enough is as good as a feast," but was rather of opinion that you could not have too much of a good thing. Mr. Price approached Isabel, before they took leave, and warmly thanked her for her singing.

"You have given me a great deal of pleasure, my dear; I hope, therefore, that you have enjoyed yourself as well?"

"I have, indeed," she said; "I can not tell you how much." Her beautiful face certainly expressed pleasure. Herbert saw it, and his melancholy brow cleared at the sight. He approached her.

"I have formed a new opinion," she said, looking up at him with a smile, "and that is, that I think it would be a good thing if the neighborhood met more frequently in this way. I think it might do a great deal toward putting an end to the little jealousies and foolish gossip. What do you think?"

He smiled, but shook his head.

Herbert and Isabel both required the lesson, that the law of perfect charity does not extend to the very poor alone.

CHAPTER V.

———I,
Beyond the limit of all else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.—*Shakspeare.*

It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On those that smile on us. The heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness.—*Byron.*

It was about three weeks after Mr. Price's dinner, that Isabel was walking home one afternoon with Mrs. Jones's eldest little girl, who had been spending the day with her.

Amy was a bright little creature, and a great favorite of her cousin's; and now, as they walked along the high road together—Isabel, with her dark and stately beauty, and the rosy little girl, with her blue eyes and golden hair—they were really a pretty sight, and attracted the pleased admiration of many a passer-by.

They walked along, in animated conversation, till their attention was somewhat arrested by the appearance of three young men on horseback, strangers, two of whom were talking with great eagerness as they passed Isabel. The third was a few yards behind them, and was engaged in reading a letter. As he, too, passed, he folded it up, and awkwardly dropped it on the ground instead of into his pocket. A gust of wind blew it to Isabel's feet. He turned his horse round. She picked up the letter, and returned a few steps, holding the little girl's hand, to give it to him. He jumped from his horse to receive it, bowed and smiled as he thanked her—for an instant, only an instant, fixed his eyes on her beautiful face, and rode after his companions. He was not strikingly handsome, but had one of those faces with a peculiar sweetness of expression—half-smiling, half-thoughtful—which are often more engaging than a greater degree of beauty.

Isabel felt pleased with the incident; two or three times during the visit to Mrs. Jones, she found herself thinking of it—haunted, almost unconsciously, by the stranger's bright, expressive smile.

Late in the afternoon, she walked home through the fields. The days were shortening, and the evenings generally chilly, but this was one of those soft autumn days which, perhaps from her Spanish blood, she peculiarly enjoyed. She wandered slowly on, and her mind reverted to a subject which was now often in her thoughts. It was one on which she felt she must very soon come to a decided opinion—whether or not she loved Herbert Grey? She had asked herself this question very often since Mr. Price's dinner, and the answer she received varied from time to time. She thought she did—she was almost sure she did; but still, sometimes a doubt came over her—something within suggested, "Is this such love as I have read of? Would it break my heart if I thought he did not love me?" In his presence, indeed, every doubt died away. But, when she was alone again, doubts would return; and, though her inward questionings almost always ended satisfactorily, in thinking that people were different—that all could not feel alike—that she certainly did love him; yet, day after day, "that restless thing, the human heart," would suggest that the point was still open for discussion. The day before this one, she had very much satisfied herself by looking backward and forward, seeing how changed her life was—how far brighter than it had been the year before; and, still more, by remarking how contentedly she could now look on to a future at Ellerton; and yet, again, as she now walked along, she was questioning and arguing with herself. The discussion was, however, soon interrupted by Herbert coming toward her. Her heart beat, and her cheeks glowed, and, as usual, doubts were forgotten.

"Are you going to Mr. Jones's?" she inquired, as they met.

"No, Miss Denison; I came to meet you."

He looked thoughtful, and she trembled for what might be coming.

"How did you know that I was here?" she asked, smilingly.

"I met Miss Shepherd, who told me so, and gave me leave to come and meet you; otherwise—" he paused, and Isabel began talking very fast about her visit, and the children; but, to all she said, his answers were so short and distrait, that at last her powers were exhausted, and they walked on in silence.

At length he began. The tone of his voice told her at once what was coming; and why did her heart sink, and her pulse almost stand still within her? Did she, or did she not, love Herbert Grey?

"It is now more than three weeks since I promised that I would tell you my sad history, when you asked me for it. Has all interest died away within you? Shall you never think about it again?"

"If it is so painful—" Isabel began, with hesitation.

"It is painful," he interrupted; "painful and sad—but is this the reason for you silence? Is it not rather that you shrink from the condition I affixed?"

Isabel was silent.

"Isabel," he continued, "why don't you answer me? But it is too late now to wait for an answer—you know, you must know well how wildly, how passionately I love you; and you must hear me speak, and then—" He paused, and looked in her face—it was white as marble. "Forgive me, Miss Denison; I have been very wrong. I will tell you all calmly, if you will hear me. Will you hear me now, or shall it be for another time?"

It was really an effort to her to speak, but she did speak, and begged him to tell her all. He began again, in a low but calm voice.

"I have loved, Miss Denison, before now. Do not start," he said, observing a movement which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart, as he fancied it might be a pang of *jealousy*. "I thought at that time that I loved as few could love, but now I find that even I knew it not."

With breathless interest Isabel listened to the

tale he told—the tale of his love, of his hope, of his agony when forsaken. Breathless, agitated, she listened still, when he ended thus:—

"It was no light thing to suffer this, the disappointment of every hope; but the suffering itself was as nothing in comparison to the blight it cast upon me; the doubt in the truth of every human being under which I have now suffered for many years. Even you, Miss Denison, in whose face truth and purity are written—even you, at first, I doubted—But it is passed—it is all passed. In your presence, better feelings have come back to me; and never, even under disappointment, will they leave me again. And now you know all, and all my happiness is in your hands." He tried to speak calmly, and paused as again he became agitated.

Isabel was silent still. If she could have known what her silence cost him, she would have spoken at once; but she dreamed not of the powerful emotions which were thrilling in his breast. Her own heart beat, indeed, but it was with doubt, with fear, with bashfulness, with excitement; she hung not on his words as if happiness or misery, almost life or death, were in the balance.

He still tried to be calm but the words burst from him, 'Oh, Isabel! speak to me. Do not fear to tell me the truth. If you cannot love me, if you cannot even hope to love me, doubtless I shall find strength to bear it; only speak to me, but one word!"

"I did not speak," she said at last, in her low, sweet tone, "because I could not. I did not know if my love was worthy of yours. I hardly know now. It is not like yours; it is not enough; but—I think—" The words died away, but she looked up at him and smiled, and placed her hand in his.

They reached the cottage. "May I come in?" asked Herbert.

"No, not to-night. To-morrow, as early as you please."

Isabel walked into the drawing-room, where Rachel sat, alone. She put her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissed her. "Shall you like me to leave you, Aunt Rachel?"

"Oh, Isabel!—is it so, indeed! Even I did not know what you felt for Mr. Grey."

"Nor did I know; nor do I know now; only I think I am happy—very happy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The World Abroad.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. VI.

SPAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

ITALY.

The Catholic is the only religion tolerated in Spain; and yet there is more liberality of feeling than formerly. A circulation of the Scriptures is permitted, and a good deal in that way has been effected. The Monasteries and Convents of Spain have been mostly broken up. This was done in the time of the Christinos, Espartero being Minister. The Monasteries and Convents were ordered to be sold. There was no difficulty in selling the land, but much with the buildings. There used to be seventy Monasteries in Seville, which had 110,000 population. All are now abandoned, except three or four. Cadiz once had twenty-two—but all are now broken up except two or three. The lecturer visited a very large one four miles from Cordova—that of the Sierra Morena. It only had three or four Monks in it, and will be sold at the death of these old men. The salutations of the Spaniards were referred to—*A Dios!* (Good-bye!—God be with you)—*Vaya usted con Dios!* (Go with God.)

Italy is about half so large as Spain and Portugal combined—not much more than half as large as Greece and Turkey combined. It is in the form of a boot, and contains 102,000 or 103,000 square miles—not larger than Pennsylvania and New Jersey put together. The number of people that speak Italian in the world are 24,000,000—in the South part of Italy, (Kingdom of the Two Sicilies), 8,000,000. The States of the Church, or Kingdom of the Pope has a population of 3,000,000;—Duchy of Tuscany, with Lucca added to, 1,500,000—Modena and Parma 500,000—and remainder in Austrian Italy and Sardinia. The old Republic of Genoa now belongs to Sardinia. There are seven Governments in Italy.

1—Naples—Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.
2—Rome—The States of the Church, (now a Republic.)
3—Duchy of Modena.
4—Duchy of Parma.
5—Austrian Italy, (Lombardy, Venice, &c.)
6—Kingdom of Sardinia.
7—Florence, (Duchy of Tuscany.)

There is the little Republic of San Marino, and the petty Principality of Monaco. Of the islands—Sicily is a part of Naples—Malta belongs to England, and Corsica to France. No nation has played a more important part in the world than Italy, whether we regard her as Pagan Rome for twelve centuries—or afterwards as Papal Rome for twelve centuries. When Rome was the Capital of the Pagan world,—she was central to all countries bordering on the Mediterranean. It was the finest city in the Old World—and the best situated of all the Empires of antiquity. But since the palmy days of Rome, other great Kingdoms had risen up, such as France and England. Italy consists of two portions, totally dissimilar—the Northern part being the Valley of Po, about 290 miles long from East to West, and 90 wide from North to South. This is a magnificent valley, not large—steamboats navigate the rivers; and a great deal of rice, and all kinds of grain and fruits are raised. The rows of mulberry trees for silkworms—the trees being planted ten feet apart, and oats sown between them, are striking features of the scenery. This part of Italy raises a great deal of wine and a great deal of silk.

Let us look at the peninsular part. The mountains (Appenines) are generally 4,000 or 5,000 feet high—the Lower Appenines 2,000, to 3,000. The vallies are highly cultivated. There are few or no plains. Rome stands on a plain, however—and Terracina, Salerno and Capua have narrow plains. The greater part of the country is covered with mountains. The islands of Sicily, Corsica and Sardinia are very mountainous. So with the Lipari Islands, one of which is a volcano. The only exception is Malta—which is a mass of rock, that rises up out of the sea, like a brick-kiln. The little island of Elba is emphatically mountainous. None of these insular mountains are so high as to be covered with snow, except Etna. The foot of Etna is fertile,—the top is a cone of black appearance. There are many villages on the sides of Etna. The Southern part of Italy is cultivated in a different way from the North. Olives, oranges, almonds, vines, wheat, rye and Indian corn are general. If we go to Naples, we see corn sold as in New York and this city, the sellers crying "Hot Corn! Hot Corn!" They cultivate in Sicily and the lower part of Italy, tropical fruits and productions. The lecturer went from Venice to Turin, up the middle of the Valley of the Po. The harvest was almost ripe, and the climate beautiful—yet the Alps were covered with snow, and a few of the Appenines. It is not often that summer and winter are brought so close together. The manufactures of Italy are insignificant. Straw hats are made in Tuscany—silks and velvets at Genoa. Statues and paintings are among the chief articles produced. The commerce is small—and one is pained to see how small the commerce is even in Genoa and other ports. We have not more than ten ships trading to Italy. England has many more—and France has a good many. Before Napoleon went to Italy, the roads were very bad, but he improved them—indeed Napoleon was the greatest road-maker in the world. There are no railroads except two—one from Venice to Milan, 120 or 130 miles, and one round the shores of the Bay of Naples—20 or 30 miles. If Italy were under a good government, these things would be made extensively. A railroad was about to be made from Rome to Bologna, by some English gentlemen. The English and French will, perhaps, do these things in Italy—but surely not the Italians. The stages are good, and a *vetturino* will make 30 or 40 miles a day over all Italy. For education, the Governments have done very little, except Tuscany—but in Lombardy, Austria has done much in that way for the people. The present Pope had done a little, and had gone as far as night schools. The Catholic Church had done very little towards education in Italy. The lecturer had been told by Italians, that instead of sending money to Italy, we should send hundreds of Yankee schoolmasters. Not a quarter of the children of Rome are educated. The monks and nuns have nothing to do, yet they will not lift a finger towards education. Even the Sisters of Charity did not do any thing for education—but they did much to relieve and nurse the poor in times of sickness. The Sisters of Charity in Naples sent to the Sisters of Charity in Paris for aid in the Cholera. The climate in general does not enervate. It is not hot, except for a few weeks. It is naturally a healthy country, except in the marshes, and they would become healthy with draining. Even the Pontine marshes might be drained. With a good government and a good religion, the Italians would be a very good people—but they want education and training. As for the higher education, there are three Universities of very good repute at Padua, Pavia and Pisa—the Collegio Romano e Sapienza, at Rome—and a College at Palermo. Italy has produced a number of very distinguished authors—but there is no security of copyright; if a man publishes a book in Florence, it is pirated at Rome. The Italians are said to be a lazy, worthless race, but this is a great mistake. There is a great deal of beauty in Italy, but the laboring classes are bronzed by the sun and by labor. They are mostly dark—brunette and olive—the Norman and Gothic blood having been long absorbed. As to intellect, no one who knows the Italians can deny that they are expert. Even the lazzaroni are not so worthless as described. If they are idle, it is only because they have nothing to do. There is no unwillingness. If you want one, half a dozen will step forward. Their ingenuity is great. Some years since, an English manufacturer of skill and ingenuity was called before a Committee of Parliament, on the subject of inventions; as he was in the habit of employing workmen of different nations. He was asked which had the most talent. He answered,—"The Italians are the first of all men of Europe for comprehending and doing anything." He further gave as his experience, that the French are the second, 3rd, Swiss, 4th, German, 5th, Scotch, 6th, the English. The English, he said, were the last of all in quickly comprehending and doing—but, then, he said, they are unsurpassed in their success and perseverance, when once they have the idea. He mentioned no Yankees, but the lecturer thought that he would not have placed the Yankees after the last on the list. The taxes and tithes of Italy are enormous. The land is chiefly owned by the Roman Catholic Church. The Church in Italy is supposed to have half a million of persons, as priests, friars, nuns, &c., &c. For ages it was a custom for rich people to leave estates and legacies to the Church in Italy. Hence its enormous wealth. As to politics, the governments say, in effect, to the people—"You have nothing to do with politics—we will take care of them." Now, here, men think about politics and religion, subjects which stir us up to the lowest depth—but there, if you can conceive of anything just now, to make the people stagnate, such is the present condition of Europe, that you will not find it on this side of Siberia, any how. The Italians are very fond of shows. The prices of admission are small—and they save so much money in candles and firewood at home, when they go out, as will almost pay the price of a box at a theatre. When the lecturer went to Genoa, he was shown by a nobleman, a bust of Washington, said to have been done by Canova—and then another of Paganini. The nobleman asked—"Which do you like the best? Paganini or Washington?" The lecturer said:—"My American feeling was much stirred at the question. For although I like to hear the violin very much, yet I won't consent, on any terms, to place General Washington side by side with a fiddler." The lecturer sketched the character of several of the rulers of Italy, denounced the King of Naples as a very worthless man, and hoped that, ere long, he would be exonerated from being King altogether. He did not think the Sicilians would ultimately succeed. They were 1,000,000 against 7,000,000. The Pope he considered a well-meaning but a weak-minded man. When the Revolution of France came, he was obliged to go further than he intended, and he ruined himself. The lecturer's belief was, that Austria, Spain and other Catholic Governments would put him back, stipulating with France and England to give a Constitution to the Roman people. Or perhaps they might persuade the Pope to abdicate, and take one of the five Cardinals on the popular side, in Rome, and make him Pope. The Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, Parma, Lucca, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, &c., were all passed in brief review by Dr. B., in connexion with recent events, which are familiar to our readers; and he thought that many of the European potentates would be in this country within fifty years. Several of the Catholic ceremonies and processions in Rome were vividly described. A lady said to one of the Popes, who stated to her that he was tired of being carried about on men's shoulders, that she did not wonder at it, as it was so contrary to Christian humility. "Oh, it is not that," replied the Pope, "but it makes me so sea-sick." Of the cities, Palermo contains 160,000 people, Milan 200,000; the Duomo, or Great Cathedral, is the only Gothic building in Italy. The paintings and statues, the subterranean chapel of St. Carlo de Boromeo, *La Cena*, (the Last Supper) by Leonardo da Vinci, in which the face of the Saviour is so spiritual, and the Iron Crown of Lombardy, (said to be made of the iron with which our Saviour was nailed to the cross.) all rendered Milan deeply interesting. Bonaparte was crowned with this ancient iron diadem; also the Emperor of Austria. Messina had 80,000 people, Mantua 40,000, Verona 60,000, Padua 50,000, Venice (on 70 islands) 140,000, Florence 100,000, Bologna 80,000, Leghorn 150,000. Genoa and Venice boasted of their republics for centuries, but the lecturer did not believe in them—they were not republics in our sense of the term, but governments of a few rich and noble families. Rome is sixteen miles from the mouth of the Tiber, at Ostia, and contains 185,000 inhabitants. A large portion of the Southern part of the city is not inhabited, owing to the malaria from the marshes. It was a pity that 200,000 or 300,000 Dutch could not be sent there. They would soon drain the marshes, and convert them into fertile fields. Rome used to be supplied with water by thirteen aqueducts. The city is chiefly built of brick, and the houses four stories high. The Piazza del Popolo—Corso (a public Promenade)—the College of the Propoganda—ancient ruins—the Palace of the Cæsars—Vatican—Castle of St. Angelo—Pantheon—St. Peter's Church—the Colosseum—were all described and pointed out to the audience on a large plan. There were also paintings of most of the grand objects hung around the room. One—the Arch of Titus—was very striking with the old inscriptions:

SENATVS. POPVLVSQVE ROMANVM.
(The Senate and People of Rome.)
DIVO. TITI. DIVI. VESPASIANI. DIVI. FILIVS. VESPASIAN. AVGVST.
(To Divine Titus, son of the Divine Vespasian, Vespasian being Emperor.)

Titus is seen in a triumphal car, followed by Jews, whose hands are tied behind their backs—while golden candlesticks and other things brought from the Temple of Jerusalem, are sculptured on the walls. There are three hundred churches in Rome, and visitors have to see fifty of them, if they wish to view the paintings of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and the paintings and statues by the great artists and masters. Many of these were described, and it was shown that some of the statues now in St. Peter's and other churches, said to be statues of the Saints—were anciently heathen images. Several of the relics were severely commented on—such as "feathers from the wing of Gabriel"—"A platter (at Genoa) which held the head of John the Baptist"—&c., &c. But such things are more worthy of the dark ages than the 19th century—and therefore we will not dwell upon them.

The population of Naples is nearly half a million. It is beautifully situated on the celebrated Bay, which is nearly twelve miles in diameter. The burning mountain of Vesuvius was a grand object from Naples—and the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, were objects of deep interest to travellers. The city of Pompeii was buried in ashes, at the same time that Herculaneum was overwhelmed with fiery lava. The grave-yards, as found in the ruins, were located on the roads entering the city. In such a situation there is some propriety in using the words—"*Siste! viator.*"

The examinations of the long buried cities were ably described. The houses were one and two stories high, and with flat roofs generally—built in squares or parallelograms—generally a colonnade round the interior—the first court paved with marble. Beyond the first court and receiving-room, there was an interior, called the *domus* (dwelling for the family.) In Naples, at the Museum, there may be seen enough of ancient utensils, relics, domestic articles—many as now—bracelets, mirrors of polished steel, combs—large ones for the back of the head, and small ones for the sides, as now used by ladies—bottles of essences, pots of pomatum, and other things—enough to occupy several weeks. In some of the ancient apartments skeletons had been found—one of a man who had probably gone back to save his money, which was found in his hand. Things found in the Temple of Isis, prove everything that Justin Martyr and other Christian writers charged upon the Pagans. In one room the representations were so abominable, that it was not shown. The Temples at Pæstum were built by the Greeks. In concluding, Dr. B. expressed a hope that England and France would prevent Austria from overthrowing the Government of Rome—and he was quite sure that Italy was becoming gradually prepared for a better state of things.

PATRICK HENRY.—Patrick Henry is a prominent example that Greek and Latin alone do not form the man; that true greatness is native in the man, not dependent upon external conditions. At twelve years of age he was an idle fishing boy—at fifteen a clerk in a counting-house—at twenty honestly delving the dusty earth with his own hands to obtain a livelihood—at twenty-four a bankrupt merchant—at twenty-seven suddenly bursting from obscurity into a rich popularity, by a bold, noble, and astonishing display of those mammoth powers of mind, which had so long remained shrouded in darkness by the mantle of his own sublime contemplation—at forty the first orator in America, and, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, "the greatest orator that ever lived."

MATERIAL FOR EPIDEMICS.—The New York Commercial, speaking of the material in that city, for epidemics, says, after a run through the town:

"We will not say, as Coldridge did on the occasion of his visit to Cologne, that seventy-seven distinct stenches could be recognized; but every corner certainly has its stench, and the spaces between are not unprovided."

FRIENDS.—"Father," said a little boy, "what are friends?"

"People who come to you in distress and relieve you," was the reply.

"Yes, I remember," said the boy, "when the horse was dying in yonder field, a heap of big black-birds hovered around him. They were friends, I suppose."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

ISABEL DENISON.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

We begin this week a story that we think will prove very interesting to our readers. The conduct of the heroine will probably be a subject of much discussion—some censuring, while others will justify it as the only right course under the circumstances. The result of such discussions will be we think the forming of correct opinions upon the important subject to which they relate. But we forget that we are writing in advance of our readers. The story increases in interest with every step of its progress.

"Isabel Denison" is about the usual length of our "continued" stories—perhaps somewhat longer. We shall print an extra supply of the first numbers, in order to accommodate those who may wish to embrace the present favorable opportunity for subscribing—but it would be well for those who desire this tale, to send on their names as soon as possible.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The political news by the Caledonia is of greater importance than that which we have had for some time past. Contrary to general expectation, the French have sustained a reverse under the walls of Rome, and General Oudinot has been compelled to fall back and wait for reinforcements. In the meantime, the Austrians, released from Piedmont, and the Neapolitans, are marching upon Rome—the triumvirs of which have threatened, in case of defeat, to blow up the proudest monuments of its greatness, and leave nothing but a heap of blackened ruins to grace the triumph of despotism.

The truly Republican portion of the French Assembly are indignant at the conduct of the Government in relation to Italy. They say that the mission of Gen. Oudinot was avowed to be one for the benefit, not for the destruction, of the liberties of the Romans. It was right that an army should be sent to interpose between Austria and Naples, and their prey—but the French Army has attempted to be itself a destroyer, instead of a saviour. A motion introduced into the Assembly, "that the expedition to Italy be not any longer turned aside from its *real object*," passed by a majority of 328 to 241. It was also contended, and apparently with justice, by some of the speakers, that the Government had violated the Constitution by its course—the fourth article of which instrument declares "that the French Republic respects foreign nationalities, as it desires that its own should be respected, and will undertake no war with a view to conquest, nor employ its forces against any people." Fifty-six members signed a project of impeachment of the President and Ministry.

A letter of Louis Napoleon to General Oudinot, in which he condoles with him upon his defeat, and promises reinforcements, is much commented upon by the newspapers—the Republican journals asserting that his power does not extend to the performance of such a promise; it being his prerogative only in conjunction with his ministry.

The eventual triumph of the French over the Romans, is of course an event that may be counted upon with certainty. But the moral effect of the first success of the Romans has been beneficial to their cause. It has demonstrated that Rome is not "disorganized," but that the Republic possesses a fair amount of strength. It is only just to say, however, that of the prisoners taken by the French, only eight were Romans; the others, several hundreds, being Frenchmen, and those pests of tyranny the world over, the gallant Poles.

Turning to Austria and Hungary, we find that fortune still favors the latter. 150,000 Russian troops are said to be on their march to assist the crest-fallen Austrians. But then again it is reported, Heaven grant it may be true! that England and France are determined to interfere, and have notified the Czar that they will not look on quietly, and see Hungary, like another Poland, borne down by the mere weight of his barbaric hordes. Eternal shame will rest upon those two leading liberal powers of Europe, if they allow chivalrous and high spirited Hungary—the ancient defender of Europe against the Moslem—to be blotted out of the map of Europe, or attached as a mere dependent province to either of its powerful assailants.

In Germany, all is again unquiet and insurrection, as the last news indicated would be the case. The Constitution promulgated by the Frankfort Assembly, not so much for what it is, as that it is a Constitution, has taken deep hold of the popular mind. Thirty one German States have declared for it—and in the other States, the people are for it, and seem determined to force their rulers to give their assent. If Prussia does not recognise the Constitution, the sovereign of the largest State among those represented, is to be Emperor of Germany. So strong appears to be the popular desire for German Unity, for a federative system, that it is only reasonable to suppose that it will ultimately prevail.

The Sicilians have finally submitted, we believe unconditionally, to the Neapolitans. A mortifying ending to a good beginning.

THE CHOLERA.

As a report has been spread by one of the New York papers that the Cholera exists in Philadelphia, we think it right to state that up to the time of our going to press, not a single case has occurred. The authorities are taking energetic measures to secure a perfectly clean city during the Summer months, and we therefore have reason to hope that if the Cholera reaches us at all, it will be very light.

In Cincinnati the Cholera is gradually disappearing. In Louisville the Board of Health reports that it has entirely disappeared. In St. Louis it still continues. The California emigrants, and the Mormons at Council Bluff, are said to be suffering severely from it.

We commend the following paragraph from the Louisville Journal to the attention of all:

A striking illustration that cleanliness is a sure preventive for cholera is, that in the square on Fifth street, between Main and Market, not a case of cholera has occurred, although in the immediate neighborhood the disease committed its worst ravages.

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

The "New York Albion," in allusion to the efforts made by some to make the Forrest and Macready controversy a national affair, gives the following list of Americans now being received with high consideration in England:—Miss Cushman, Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, players; Mr. Banvard and Professor Risley, exhibitors of Panoramas; and Mr. Catlin, possessor of the Gallery of Indian portraits. The Albion adds:

"Mr. Alfred Street, the poet, also finds there a publisher."

This strikes us as indeed "capping the climax."

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Daguerreotypes have been produced in Dublin by making use of the Electric Light in place of the sun's rays—the marked fidelity of outline, with the depth and delicacy of shade, elicited the highest admiration. After the complete success of the experiment in that respect had been established, a new test of the power of the Electric Light was essayed—namely, the preparation of the plate on which the portrait is fixed. In this novel and ingenious appliance the utmost success also rewarded the efforts of the experimentalists.

DR. COOLIDGE.

This depraved man did not take poison, as was first reported, but died from very despair at the detection of his last infamous scheme of murder.

A post mortem examination revealed the rather curious fact that "*his heart was excessively small*, weighing only nine and a quarter ounces." The coincidence between this fact, and the want of nobleness, benevolence, &c., in the character of the man, is, to say the least, somewhat remarkable.

HUNGARY.

The present war between Hungary and Austria, appears to have had its origin in the reactionary movement against Constitutional Liberty, which is now being urged on by the Emperor of the latter, and, to forward which movement, the streets of Vienna were deluged with blood.

Hungary has never been a province of Austria, as many suppose, but has been for nine centuries an independent kingdom. Her connection with Austria was simply this—the Emperor of Austria was *King of Hungary*. Ferdinand, as Emperor of Austria, had not the smallest particle of right to claim allegiance of the Hungarians—the Ministers of Austria were never acknowledged as Ministers of Hungary. Hungary had its separate Constitution—one of seven centuries standing—its separate legislative body—its separate ministry. The two countries were as distinct and independent as Hanover and Great Britain, though the King of Great Britain was Elector of Hanover.

When the Emperor of Austria was forced by his people to promulgate a Constitution, containing various liberal provisions, corresponding changes were made by Hungary. In Hungary, however, these changes were the work not of the Emperor by his authority as King, but owed their origin to the regular legislative power. While the neighboring nations were in a revolutionary ferment, Hungary was comparatively tranquil. But there were great changes demanded by popular sentiment, and it was not only the part of wisdom but of safety to make them. By the old laws, no man who was not of noble birth, could vote at the elections; while the very class that had no votes, was compelled to bear the whole burden of taxation—the nobles, who owned the greater part of the property, paying no taxes. Thus it would often be the case that of two men of equal property, and both tillers of the soil, one would have noble blood in his veins and vote, and pay no taxes, while the other would be forced to pay taxes, and yet be restricted from the exercise of the right of suffrage. It was only natural that in such a state of things, the peasant portion of the population, should be discontented and restless.

But when the change was made, it was an effectual and thorough one. No half way measures were adopted by the Legislature—elected as it was entirely by the inhabitants of noble blood.

"By unanimous votes of both houses, the diet not only established perfect equality of civil rights and public burdens amongst all classes, denominations, and races in Hungary and its provinces, and perfect toleration for every form of religious worship, but, with a generosity perhaps unparalleled in the history of nations, and which must extort the admiration of all, *the nobles of Hungary abolished their own right to exact either labor or produce in return for the lands held by urbarial tenure, and thus transferred to the peasants the absolute ownership, free forever, of nearly half the cultivated land in the kingdom, reserving to the original proprietors of the soil such compensation as the Government might award from the public funds of Hungary. More than five hundred thousand peasant families were thus invested with the absolute ownership of from thirty to sixty acres of land each, or about twenty millions of acres amongst them. The elective franchise was extended to every man possessed of capital or property of the value of thirty pounds, or an annual income of ten pounds—to every man who has received a diploma from a university, and to every artisan who employs an apprentice.* With the concurrence of both countries, Hungary and Transylvania were united, and their diets, hitherto separate, were incorporated. The number of representatives which Croatia was to send to the diet was increased from three to eighteen, while the internal institutions of that province remained unchanged; and Hungary undertook to compensate the proprietors for the lands surrendered to the peasants, to an extent greatly exceeding the proportion of that burden which would fall on the public funds of the province. The complaints of the Croats, that the Magyars desired to impose their own language upon the Sclavonic population, were considered, and every reasonable ground of complaint removed. Corresponding advantages were extended to the other Sclavonic tribes, and the fundamental laws of the kingdom, except in so far as they were modified by these acts, remained unchanged."

The acts embodying the above radical changes, having received the concurrence of the Emperor-King, became the law of the land.

No Republican surely can read the above account of the sacrifices to justice and right of the nobles of Hungary, without feeling that those who could act in so public spirited and generous a manner, must be men of a superior stamp. And so where we see nobility and generosity, we reasonably expect courage, our readers, while they will perhaps sympathise more with the Hungarians than formerly, will be less surprised at the chivalrous manner in which they have repelled the Austrian invasion.

The cause of this invasion, as we have said, was the re-actionary spirit of the Emperor of Austria. He desired to undo, in part, what the Hungarians had so nobly done—but the Hungarians have not proved Viennese. The first movement of the Emperor was to take advantage of the old Croatian jealousy of the Hungarians—a jealousy which could not be extinguished in a moment, even by such noble conduct towards Croatia as we have referred to—and Baron Joseph Jellachich, colonel of a Croat Regiment in the army of Italy, was selected as the instrument of the Austrian Court. Jellachich was named Ban of Croatia, without consulting the Hungarian Ministry, whose assent was necessary to legalize the nomination, and immediately instigated a Sclavonic movement against the Hungarians. Thus the old tyrant maxim of "divide and conquer," was attempted to be put in practice against Hungary; thus far, fortunately, with but little success.

Even while the Emperor of Austria was thus secretly fomenting a Croatian insurrection, he professed to keep good faith with Hungary. He declared Jellachich suspended from all his functions—but, as the Ban paid no attention to the suspension, he doubtless had private commands to disregard it. The Archduke Palatine, the Emperor's representative in Hungary, declared to the Diet that his majesty the King had seen the revolt in Croatia "*with profound grief*," and averred that "his majesty sanctioned with the greatest satisfaction the incorporation of Transylvania with Hungary." Finally, however, the perfidious monarch threw off his mask, avowed his intention to support Croatia, and precipitated the Austrian army upon an almost defenceless country.

We need not repeat what has already been stated at different periods in our columns—the momentary discomfiture on all sides of the Hungarians, and their present triumph. The last news was to the effect, that they had formed an independent Republic, with Kossuth for President. If so, we have to thank the tyrant of Austria for this new Republic. For the Hungarians had no desire, so far as appears, to abandon their old monarchical institutions. They merely wished to maintain the long established rights of Hungary—rights which they had struggled to preserve, and had succeeded in preserving, during the political convulsions of seven hundred years. That they are, however, a people well calculated for a full development of freedom, we judge from the facts that we have mentioned. That they are able to maintain that freedom in any not too unequal contest, the events of the last few months fully prove. May the God of the Free be with them!

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

Mrs. Eastman, author of a recent work called "*Dahcotah, or Lives and Legends of the Sioux around Fort Snelling*"—an extract from which we give on our fourth page—tells the following anecdote of the mode in which an Indian Chief desired to show his gratitude to her for the interest she took in his character. She says:—"He told me he had three wives, all of whom he would give up if I would 'leave Eastman and come and live with him.' I received his proposition, however, with Indian indifference, merely replying that I did not fancy having my head split open every few days with a stick of wood. He laughed heartily after his fashion, conscious that the cap fitted, for he was in the habit of expending all his surplus bad temper upon his wives."

FRANCE.

The following are said to be among the benefits already conferred by a Republican form of Government on France—they are cogent arguments against a return to monarchy:

"The multiplication of railroads, the economy of the Government, the reduction of postage, the cheapness of salt, the development of primary education, the diminished price of journals and books, the improvement of the Departmental Councils, and five hundred improvements, in short, of which the monarchy never dreamed."

THE LEHIGH STRIKE.

What is Governor Johnston about that he does not see the laws faithfully executed on the Lehigh? The boatmen have a perfect right to strike, *if they are not violating engagements deliberately entered into*, but they have no right to use physical force to prevent those from running who do not see the good policy of the strike. We ask again, why does not Governor Johnston, if the power of the local authorities is not sufficient, see that the laws are faithfully executed?

A LARGE REWARD.

Twenty thousand pounds sterling ($960,000,) is the reward offered by the British Government to any ship or ships, of any country, or to any exploring party whatever, who shall render efficient assistance to the missing vessels of Sir John Franklin's expedition, or to their crews, or any portion of them. Will not some Yankee whaler pick up this little California?

CANADA.

The Seat of Government of Canada has been removed from Montreal to Quebec and Toronto, on account of the recent riot at the first mentioned city. The Legislature will meet four years at Quebec and four at Toronto alternately. This will teach the Montreal people the value, even in a monetary sense, of good order.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

A New Orleans paper says that Girard College "is decidedly the finest and most splendid building in the United States, and far superior to the Capitol at Washington."

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

There is much that is beautiful and well worth visiting in the Academy this year, but the department that most interests us is the sculpture room. It is occupied chiefly by the noble works of Steinhauser, which far surpass anything of the kind that has been seen in America. His Hero and Leander, considered by good judges his masterpiece, we have before spoken of in terms of warm admiration, which our second visit tempts us to repeat. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We congratulate the Academy upon the possession of this matchless group, and our fellow citizens upon the opportunity they now have of seeing it frequently and renewing in their souls the refining influence of a work of art so noble and so pure.

The Shell Girl is an exquisite creation,—one to gaze upon with unqualified delight and ever-growing admiration. It represents a young and very lovely girl who has been gathering shells upon the shore, and is holding one up to her ear, listening intently to its murmured music. Her face, which is very delicate and beautiful in its outline, has an absorbed and dreamy look. The expression of an abstracted listener, wholly rapt from outward things, and revelling with a quiet joy in the sweet visions of fancy, is wonderfully perfect. In this figure we see the same faultless symmetry of the limbs with which we are charmed in all the productions of Steinhauser. The little rounded, dimpled hand that holds up the shells in her robe, looks soft and graceful as if the tide of life from a gentle heart flowed through its dainty veins.

The Infant Christ is also a beautiful creation. At the first glance it charms us as the perfection of human childhood, but soon we see in the face which is lifted heavenward an expression more holy and tender than would be natural to the simple children of men. On the lips, too, there is a smile of celestial happiness, as if he looked unblamed upon the face of the Father, without one earthly shadow between. Not yet upon that heart of love has descended the burden of our sorrows—the heavier burden of our sins. The blessedness of innocence enfolds him, and its sovereign power within him bears up the soul of the little child above the darkness and the taint of evil. His sinless head is leaned against the cross, which one soft arm embraces, while the little childish foot is planted unconsciously upon the head of the Serpent, the dread foe of men, the symbol of all earthly crime and woe. Oh, that the beautiful lesson that sinks into our hearts as we gaze, could remain forever there to guide us through the tumult and temptation of life! Clinging steadfastly to the cross, and looking up to God with child-like singleness and purity of heart, how simple and easy would be our triumph over the awful Power of Evil!

PEACE.

We have received an Address from the *Peace Congress Committee* in London, to the friends of peace in the United States, giving information that it has been resolved to hold a second annual World's Congress or Convention of the friends of Peace, at Paris, in the month of August next. Perhaps we could not better serve the object in view, than by the publication of the following extract from the Address:

As far as we can see at present, all things augur well for the success of such a Convention. M. de Lamartine in France, and Mr. Cobden in England, have already signified their adhesion to the movement, and we have reason to believe that many of the leading minds of Europe will dignify it by their presence and aid in its deliberations. We are convinced, moreover, that the great revolutions which have recently shaken the continent of Europe, and which may at first sight seem to render such a movement unreasonable, have, on the contrary, contributed to make this an epoch pre-eminently favorable to our object. The attempt to propagate Peace principles has been hitherto, in many parts of Europe, like sowing the seed by the way side—ground which had been trodden into hopeless obduracy by the footsteps of hereditary and conventional prejudice for many generations. But this old hardened surface of European society has been broken up by the late social and political convulsions, and a fresh virgin soil thrown out, full of a robust and teeming fertility, which it behooves us, ere it is pre-occupied by a noxious, malignant growth to see thoroughly impregnated with the seeds of human brotherhood, benevolence and peace.

We must not, however, conceal from you, dear friends, that the full success of this demonstration will depend, in a very important degree, upon you and the Christian public of America. To raise it to the level of an object and of an occasion so great, it must be emphatically a Congress of the two worlds. By that means, it will be lifted out of the region of national jealousies, the baleful legacy of past centuries of animosities and conflict which still becloud the relations of all European countries with mutual suspicion, into the serene and lofty sphere of universal humanity. *Your presence will be accepted by all as a sufficient guarantee that there is no selfish or sinister object of European policy under the guise of philanthropy, but that the movement is what it seems, the advent of the era of our common brotherhood, under the inspiration of our common Christianity.*

It will not be enough, dear friends, permit us respectfully to say, that America send delegates to the Congress. To meet the requirements of the case, *the delegation must be such, in character and numbers, as shall worthily represent your great country in the presence of assembled Europe, and on an occasion so momentous and august.* The mere fact, indeed, of a large company of devoted and distinguished men (and may we be allowed to add, of women also) crossing the waters of the Atlantic, on such a mission of mercy, will furnish so impressive a demonstration of earnestness and moral power arrayed on the side of our cause, that it cannot fail to sink deep into the heart of the world, and be regarded of itself as a significant presage of our success. We have attained, beyond all doubt, to a most critical point in the history of the peace question—a point which demands and will amply reward great sacrifices and an unbounded devotion on the part of its friends.

To you, then, dear friends and fellow laborers, we look on this occasion, with feelings of expectation and anxiety, which it would be difficult to describe. Can we doubt, indeed, that the appeal you have made, or may yet make, to the Christian heart of America, for men and money to worthily sustain this great enterprise, will be responded to in so cordial and generous a spirit as will enable you to charter and lade a vessel, which will bear to Europe such a freight as the world has rarely seen; and which, as they land on the shores of the old world, will send to the heart of the war-demon so long enthroned there, a thrill of terror, which will be felt as an omen of its approaching doom, and gladden the face of humanity with the smile of an unwonted hope.

We have italicised two passages in the above extract, which we think worthy of special attention. The latter one particularly, which speaks of the character of the delegation, we would call the special attention of the peace societies to. Surely men enough of the right stamp and calibre can be found among the sensible and discreet friends of peace between nations, to represent the United States in so noble a Convention.

CALIFORNIA.

In another article we give glowing news from California. Since writing it, information has been received that Mr. Beal, of the U. S. Navy, has arrived at New Orleans from Chagres, with a single lump of gold worth $2,000. It is stated that he says the accounts of the abundance of gold, are not the least exaggerated. Col. Fremont and party have arrived safe in California. The California fever has seized upon the Mexicans, and produced such a thirst for gold, that whole towns are deserted by the men, who have set off for the land of promise, leaving their wives and children to the mercy of the wild Indians. Thousands are also going from Chili.

The first train of Californians, comprising twenty passenger carriages, eighteen wagons for baggage and supplies, with one hundred and twenty-five passengers, left Independence, Mo., for Upper California, on the 9th of May. The list of passengers comprises names from almost every State in the Union, and a goodly number of Pennsylvanians and Virginians.

HOMŒOPATHY.

If we may believe the "*Cincinnati Times*," the Homœopathic practice has been very successful in Cholera cases in that city. That paper says:

"Three Homœopathic physicians report their cases of cholera, from 20th of April up to the 15th of May, to number one hundred and fifty-two, of which there has only been one death. Another Homœopathic practitioner reports for the last two weeks, eighty eight cases of cholera in his practice and no death. Besides these, we learn that there are eight other Homœopathic practitioners, who have been eminently successful. None of the above, we understand, have been reported to the Board of Health. The ratio of cures to cases treated in this city, by Homœopathy, so far as we have learned, is about the same, compared with the ratio under Allopathic treatment, as is generally found everywhere—that is to say, as ten to one in favor of the new system."

The above is a very curious statement. We call the attention of the other Cincinnati papers to it. The "*Times*" may perhaps be prejudiced in favor of Homœopathy.

MRS FARNHAM'S EXPEDITION.

Mrs. Farnham's California expedition from New York consisted of herself, two children and servant, one maiden lady, and two widows.

The reason of the smallness of the number enlisted, we suppose to be, that few unmarried ladies would do any thing that seemed like an acknowledgment that it was *necessary* for them to go so *far* for a husband. Alas, for the poor Californians! In place of a vessel full of rosy New England and New York girls, which they doubtless are expecting, they will have to be satisfied with three widows (including Mrs. Farnham), and only one "maiden lady."

MEXICO.

The city of Mexico was liable to be flooded at every moment almost, by the swelling of the valley lakes, and was once covered with water, during a space of five years, to the depth of three feet. We quote this from the "North American" of this city, where it is given probably for the comfort of our New Orleans friends.

STEAMBOATS.

Nineteen steamboats were sunk or destroyed on the Western and Southwestern streams during the single month of April. These disasters are attributed to the incompetency of the officers, which, in its turn, is attributed to the apathy of the public upon the occurrence of disasters.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due this week for an *increase of our list* to friends in Salisbury, and Cleveland, Ohio; New Cumberland, Sewickly, Strasburg, and Mimeck, Pennsylvania; Middleton, Mississippi; Harper's Ferry, and Manchester, Virginia; Quercus Grove, and Independence, Indiana; Marshall, and Columbus, Texas; Sycamore Mills, Tennessee; Vincentown, New Jersey; Dubuque, Iowa; Marion, Georgia; Stone Mills, New York; Keytesville, Missouri; Columbiana, Alabama; and Nolin, Kentucky.

Also for a *second* increase to friends in Plainfield, New Jersey; Gallipolis, and Ohio City, Ohio; and West Bloomfield, and Alabama, New York. Also for a *third* increase to friends in Jerseyville, Illinois; and for a *fourth* increase to friends in Pulaski, Tennessee. Also for entirely new lists to Upton, Penn.; Elbridge, New York; and Harlingen, New Jersey. Also to old friends at a great number of places for renewals of their subscriptions, and payments of old accounts.

GERMANY.

The latest advices from Germany state that the King of Hanover has been forced to fly from his dominions—having previously declined an offer of Prussia to send troops to his assistance.

The insurrection in Saxony has been for the time put down.

Along the Rhine, the people were in a most excited state—throughout the Rhine provinces the armed militia are said to be disaffected towards the King of Prussia, and favorable to the Frankfort Assembly and its Constitution.

Prussia has called out the whole of its Landwehr, which, with the regular army, is said to constitute a force of 500,000 men. It is reported, however, that the Landwehr of several of these provinces hitherto reputed most loyal, cannot be depended upon. The object of Prussia is to afford protection to those Princes of Germany who reject the Frankfort Constitution, from their indignant people.

GOLD IN GEORGIA.

A lump of gold, worth nearly fifteen hundred dollars, was picked up the other day at a mine near Dalton, Georgia, by a poor laborer. Another lump, yet larger, has been found at the same place. It is singular how much gold has been discovered, in various places, since the California fever began to rage.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.

The last Concert of the Musical Fund Society was a brilliant affair. The audience was large, and the performances of a high order of merit—Madame Valentini and Signor Taffanelli made a very favorable impression.

NEW ORLEANS.

The authorities have not yet succeeded in stopping the crevasses above New Orleans. The water, however, finds a vent, and does not rise any higher in the city.

NOT DISHEARTENED.

Hungary is said to be raising an army of 100,000 men, with which to meet the allied forces of Russia and Austria.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

STATEN ISLAND; AND A VOYAGE THITHER.

New York, May 27, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—I had a precious whiff of country air a few evenings since. Having occasion to visit Staten Island on business, I landed at Tompkinsville, just inside the Narrows, and set out on foot for the interior. This charming island, placed within so easy reach of our restless city, is a genuine blessing to us. A half hour spent with Layard among the Ruins of disentombed Nineveh, or in following Curzon through the Monasteries of the Levant, or in breathing the air of the Bay from the hurricane deck, lending it another flavor from the smoke of an "odoriferous" cigar, will set you in a beautiful, quiet, rural district, out of cannon-shot of the city. Here are meadows, threaded by slender channels of water, green with the rank growth of weeds and grasses, among which the frogs "continually do cry;" woods, still glorying in all their undergrowth of brambles and untended wild flowers, and high, bare hills, whence you look far out on the sea, opening like the mouth of a trumpet towards all quarters of the world.

The spring of the fresh turf under my feet gave an elastic thrill to my frame; the scent of young leaves and buds dropping balsam as they burst in the genial air added to the intoxicating influences of "the new wine of the year." The odor of apple blossoms—the most grateful and refreshing to the senses—was carried far and wide on the cool breezes of evening, and the sight of cows driven home to be milked, gave a pastoral look to the picture, which was really charming. After being housed within brick walls for two months together, the freedom of "pastures new," swept by the healthy breath of an unpolluted breeze, and the privilege of seeing a sunset fade away through the bars of a budding grove, came over me with a feeling of novelty—as if all this had been an especial glory given to my senses by some good angel. Ah, if we could but look every day on Nature with the same fresh and unclouded eye,—if we could never grow familiar with her wonders and her mysteries! I sometimes think such a faculty must be reserved for our blessing in a world where all beauty is forever unveiled to us.

I was not ready to leave the island until after the steamboat had ceased running for the day, but an Irish boatman, who professed to know every inch of the way, offered to row me up in an hour and a half. It was just the turn of the tide, he said; the ebb was over, and we would have a quick trip, though the distance was nine miles. He pushed off from Tompkins's Landing, and we glided along the shore as it grew dark, alone on the water, for the inward bound vessels were at anchor, and the fishermen had gone home from their shad nets. By the time we reached the Quarantine, my Charon began to show signs of hard work, and I noticed that the tide was still against us. However, on we went, and a good half hour's rowing brought us to the light-house on Robinson's Reef, but before this time I had thrown off coat, vest and hat, and taken one of the oars. We pulled away for the middle of the Bay, leaving the light-house behind us. The sky was entirely dark, and a circle of lights far around us made a bright ring between the black hemisphere above and the black plain below.

Here, to add to our perplexity—for the tide was dead ahead and as strong as a mill race—my boatman lost his reckoning, and we went in all manner of directions, without increasing our speed in the least. I was an awkward oarsman, and more than once "caught a crab," to use an aquatical term, and nearly prostrated my companion by tumbling back into his arms. He was a good-humored young fellow, and seemed glad enough to get any kind of help, for it had not been in our bargain. For more than two hours we pulled away steadily in the darkness, and the distant lights of the city looked as far off as ever.—At last there was a loom of land, which the Irishman declared to be Governor's Island, and we made for it accordingly. As we approached, the place did not look familiar; I missed Castle William and the buildings of the Fort. We groped about for some time, and at last discovered that we were on the point of Red Hook, on the Long Island shore. We groaned audibly at the prospect of two or three miles more of such work, but there was no help for it, and after running upon sunken rocks two or three times, getting entangled among the shad-poles, and rowing till our backs were broken, we hauled into the dock at Whitehall, and got ashore just as the chimes of Trinity were ringing midnight. In spite of my vexation I had a hearty laugh when the Irishman remarked, with a droll look: "Faith, before I go on such a voyage again, I'll discharge the captain."

Crawford, the sculptor, has left us to spend the summer in Bordentown, where he is fitting up a studio and going to work. His bust of his wife, in her bridal wreath and veil, has just been placed in the Art Union Rooms for exhibition. It is an exquisite work, and will be greatly admired. The expression of the face is pure, tender and trustful; the graceful fold of the veil as it drops from an orange wreath on the curve of a beautiful shoulder is exquisitely modelled. I hope you will see it in Philadelphia before long.

Going the other day into the *osteria* I spoke of in a late letter, I found the Italians in a very gloomy mood. The news of Charles Albert's defeat on the plains of Novara, followed at such a short interval by the bombardment and fall of Genoa, were in truth sufficient cause for melancholy. The *padrone* had a brother in the Sardinian army, and his merry face was as solemn as it was possible for such a face to look. A tenor of the Italian Opera moved about like a personified Sorrow.—A young Roman sculptor, unable to work, sat at the table like a fixed image of Despair. The Italians love their country like a mother, and feel for her with a genuine intensity which must be quite incomprehensible to our own Disunionists. I honor them for it. They have been involuntarily dragged down to a degrading servitude, but centuries of such a fate have not been able to stifle the *amor patriæ* of which the Roman citizen once boasted. In Sicily alone, where Goth and Vandal and Bourbon have done their best to tame the old implacable spirit of the people, there is an Etna of bravery and hate and ardor still aflame under the hardened crust of years of bondage. I have high hopes of the Romans, who have done so gloriously within the last month or two, but it is too soon for prophecy upon their destiny. If France opens the gates of the Eternal City for the Pope, banded with despotic Austria, may she be crushed like Tarpeia, by the bucklers of those she has favored, to the betrayal of that Liberty she professes to worship!

B. T.

New Publications.

REMAINS OF WILLIAM S. GRAHAM. *With a Memoir.*

> When hearts whose truth was proven,
> Like thine, are laid in earth,
> There should a wreath be woven
> To tell the world their worth.—*Halleck.*

Edited by George Allen, Professor of Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, No. 193 Chesnut Street. This is not one of those records of mediocre minds that we occasionally see put forth by surviving relatives whose affection for the deceased exaggerates his pretensions to general notice. It is the beautiful and touching history, interesting the world over, of genius cut off in its early blooming, of a bright, finely tempered spirit wearing away in brave but unequal struggles its frail earthly temple, and escaping prematurely to its native Heaven. The countenance of Mr. Graham as seen in the portrait appended to this memoir is a very engaging one—thoughtful and earnest and devotional; reminding us of Keats in the extreme sensitiveness of feeling which its expression betrays. It indicates a delicate and impressible organization, the usual concomitant of genius, and also, alas, the frequent cause of early death.

His fine intellect had not much time or opportunity for development; his writings are little more than suggestions of his powers, but they give unequivocal evidence of a subtle power of analysis, a comprehensive reach and sustaining strength of thought characteristic of a high order of mind. When we add to these gifts an extraordinary command of language it will be acknowledged that Mr. Graham possessed every requisite for distinction in the field of intellectual labor, and that a longer life was all that he needed to attain it.

We extract as a specimen of his prose-style a portion of a letter to the one who afterwards became the partner of his life, and who appears to have been truly a soul companion. We can readily imagine that the love-letters of a man like Mr. Graham would not be filled with mere terms of endearment, but rich with the most beautiful flowering of his soul. What we quote is that kind of ingenious theorizing in which superior spirits who love tenderly delight to indulge, gathering in from all sources of evidence that a wide range of thought can summon, the blessed certainty that their union will be eternal.

"What is your existence? Is it not a series of thoughts? Did you ever have, or be, any thing but a thought? Change every thought, and are *you* not changed? Did you ever examine the foundations of your soul, or feel any thing within you, but thoughts—pleasant, painful, grave or gay? Were you cold, did you know any thing further than the thought of cold? * * * Now, if I could give you a little pill which would gradually operate on your thoughts, changing their character by degrees, until you should not have a single thought, in whole or in part, the same as you would otherwise have had; then, if your consciousness remained unchanged, it would no longer recognize its owner. You would feel, 'it's not I.' But if the aforesaid pill should also sink in its effects down into the very consciousness, and change it, then would you—I mean not your hand, nor face, nor body, but *you*—be entirely another without knowing it. Moreover, if this pill should be given in the shape of thoughts and feelings new and different from any previously possessed, and exerting a power to modify previous mental habits, and to impart their own colors and wear their own channel in the soul, the effects of the pill would be the same, as far as a change in your being is concerned, as before, and the change thus wrought would be one of assimilation to the character of the thoughts communicated, and of the soul from whence the thoughts came. If, moreover, at the same time, by filling my being with influences derived from your own, you should give me a pill, whose effect would be to assimilate my nature to yours, then would there be going on a double process of assimilation, in which, by the interchange of elements, the characteristics of two beings were becoming the same. Thus, even as the food taken into the stomach, being digested, becomes part of ourselves, and determines the character of the flesh which it forms, so the thoughts and feelings of each being constantly poured into the mind of the other, and there digested, become *part* of our minds or proper selves, and determine our character. If this process should ever become perfect, then *two* would be *one* truly and really. This is no piece of fancy work, for it is the very process by which Christ, giving his Spirit and word to His people, is taking to make them one with Him, and with each other, and that, too, by which the wicked and their master are deepening the unity of their ranks. It is a process which is going on between all companions, and assimilating them to each other, and which even modifies the character of plants and animals. May we, dearest, become one in reality, and being one in each other, be also one with Him who is one with the Father."

The following from another letter expresses very happily the difference of feeling before and after marriage.

"I am happier than I was then, with a more substantial and peaceful happiness. There is not in my letters the same neatness of penmanship, nor the same roundness in the sentences, nor point in the thoughts—but look over the five letters I have sent you, and see if there is not in every page a contented heart, and the expression of a perfect confidence, which is too happy and too confident, to be rhetorical or studied. They say that poetry and imagination flourish most in the twilight and shadowy regions of half-civilization, before the mind has been disciplined into too much exactness of science, and before language has assumed a philosophical stiffness and precision. So in the twilight of our dawning love, the yet indistinctness of the feelings of each to the other, and the misty light of but a partial acquaintance, surrounded us with shadows of doubtful shapes, and gave occasion to dreams and explanations and imaginary difficulties, which have all disappeared in the full blaze of our meridian happiness. Then we saw through a veil darkly, but now face to face—and then we spoke through letters doubtingly, but now lip to lip. Although in our intercourse perhaps less romance remains, there is something far better.—There is the increasing firmness and certainty of established love. I could write better poetry in that shadowy region, but I can live happier in the latter. The pressure of anxiety and excitements of startling doubts would crush poetry out, like Moore's fragrance from the wounded part, but I should not like to be stretched up to such a degree of tension all the while—a fiddle string, for the sake of the music I might make. Nor unless you like my verses more than me, would you keep me there. You may get a glimpse of what I meant by saying, the other night, that I could not stand the conditions to which Jacob submitted. Indeed, I begin to think, poetry is like gold, which, to be good, must come from something which has undergone the torture of the crucible. And I also think happiness is worth more than gold or poetry either, though perhaps both may add something to the smiles of happiness herself."

We give in conclusion the last piece of poetry that he ever wrote, not that it is the best, but as a light effusion, very characteristic, written with a playful feeling and an ease and grace of expression that make it pleasing. It is addressed to the sister of his wife on her departure from Harrisburg.

> When Susie came to Harrisburg, June's merriest birds were singing,
> The flowers were laughing in the sun, and wide their fragrance flinging;
> The woods were in their gayest dress, the air was balm as even,
> And a deep joy was on the hills, and on the face of heaven.
>
> Our Susie goes from Harrisburg, when summer birds are going,
> When the last rose begins to fade, and autumn winds are blowing;
> A sadder hue is on the sky, and o'er the forest stealing,
> And through the deep aisles of the wood, a solemn dirge is pealing.
>
> When Susie came to Harrisburg, the summer was before us,
> To birds and streams and humming bees, her music brought the chorus;
> Her smile was blended with the light of all the pleasant weather—
> Ah! then we knew that sweetest things did love to dwell together!
>
> Our Susie goes from Harrisburg, when southward winter dreary
> Is hurrying with his frozen storms, and dark days, cold and weary;
> No more her smile or happy song shall charm the fearful weather,
> Ah! now we know, that sweetest things do all depart together!
>
> *September 11, 1847.*

WILD WESTERN SCENES. *A Narrative of Adventures in the Western Wilderness, the nearest and best California. Wherein the exploits of Daniel Boone, the great American pioneer, are particularly described. Also, minute accounts of bear, deer, and buffalo hunts,—desperate conflicts with the Savages, who had gold and precious stones on their persons,—wolf hunts, fishing and fowling adventures, encounters with serpents, &c. By Luke Shortfield, author of the "Western Merchant." Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliott, & Co.* The title of this work is so full, that we need say but little with reference to its contents. It is a narrative full of incident and adventure, which we should think would prove of interest to many. We would hint to the publishers that the woodcuts are no improvement to the book.

BROTHER JONATHAN. The Pictorial Jonathan for the Fourth of July, is already published. For sale by *Zieber, Philadelphia.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. This work can be procured of the agents, *Taylor, Canning & Co., Philadelphia.*

LES CONFIDENCES. RAPHAEL, PAGES DE LA VINGTIEME ANNEE. PAR M. DE LAMARTINE. *New York: D. Appleton et Compagnie.* Those desirous of perfecting themselves in the French language, and those already perfect who wish to read Lamartine's late works in the original, will be obliged to the Messrs. Appletons for this reprint of Raphael and The Confidences. They constitute the first volume of a library of choice French works that these enterprising gentlemen contemplate publishing. *For sale by Geo. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.*

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE. The June number of this Magazine contains engravings of "The Roman Scrivener," "The Prophecy of the Flower," "Ramah, or Arimathea," &c. The literary contents are by Tuckerman, Richard Willis, Caroline May, C. H. Wiley, H. W. Herbert, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Osgood, &c.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

ONE WEEK LATER.

REVERSE OF THE FRENCH IN ITALY—INSURRECTIONS IN GERMANY—CONTINUED TRIUMPHS OF THE HUNGARIANS, &c.

By the arrival of the Caledonia, we have one week's later intelligence from Europe. The news is highly important. The Caledonia brings over $250,000 in specie.

ENGLAND.

The bill for the modification of the Navigation Laws has been carried in the House of Lords, by a majority of ten in favor of the Ministry. These laws may now be considered as virtually repealed. The result has given the Whig Ministry a new tenure of office.

In the House, the Parliamentary Oath Bill, having for its object the removal of the Jewish disabilities, has been read a second time, by a larger majority than before.

Mr. Roebuck is about to bring before Parliament his plan for the better government of the Colonies, and also to move for a committee to ascertain the amount of debt due from foreign Governments to British subjects.

The arguments on the writ of error, brought by W. S. O'Brien and Mr. M'Manus, have been read before the House of Lords, and without hearing the counsel for the Crown, the Hon. Lords and Judges directed unanimously that the errors assigned by the plaintiffs could not be maintained by the arguments, and that the judgment of the Court of the Queen's Bench in Ireland, must stand affirmed.

It is now expected that the sentence of transportation will be carried into effect before the 1st proximo.

It is rumored that the prosecution of Duffy is abandoned.

The important fact is stated in the London papers of the 11th ultimo, *that a joint note, the production of the Courts of Great Britain and France, has been addressed to the Court of Petersburg, intimating their disapproval of the intervention of Russia in the Austrian Hungarian disputes, and insisting that such interference be withdrawn.*

ITALY.

In Italy the advance of the French expedition towards Rome has been checked by the resistance of the Republicans of the Roman States.

In two encounters the French were driven back, with great loss, and Captain Oudinot, a relation of the General, was taken prisoner.

General Oudinot, unprepared for such a reception, has withdrawn his troops four leagues from the city, and there waits for reinforcements and further instructions from his Government.

The French had lost 180 killed and 400 wounded.

A correspondent of the Daily News, writing from Rome, under date of the 30th ult., states that the French force did not enter Rome at all, and that all the fighting took place outside of the walls of the city. The gates of San Pancrazio Portas and Cabaltegeri were the points of attack.

FRANCE.

From Paris the reports are that the rupture between the President of the Republic and his cousin, M. Napoleon Bonaparte, is complete. A fierce quarrel, it is said, rages between them, which tends to increase the dangers which surround the bodies of the armies, the privates and officers of which seem to be greatly wrought upon by the Socialists.

A serious riot has taken place in the barracks of the 7th Light Infantry, stationed at the Hotel des Invalides. Sergeant Major Boychet, having had his name placed upon the list of Socialists as a candidate for the Assembly was arrested. The men insisted on his release. A riot of a serious character ensued. The officers were set at defiance—At length Boychet was sent off to Vincennes, but not without great difficulty. The regiment has been sent away from Paris.

The same manifestations were predominant in many regiments, as the Socialists, by the most unceasing efforts, continued to seduce the soldiers from their duty; but the check which the French troops have met with in the Papal States has moved all France to the centre, and touched the people upon their tenderest point—the glory of France in Italy.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Empire is in actual danger of dissolution by the continued successes of the Hungarians. They are in possession of Granaul, Raab and Raraaw.

Russia is advancing a large body of troops against the victorious Hungarians. But all accounts concur in representing the excitement of the Hungarians as raised to the highest pitch, and that something more than the united forces of Russia and Austria will be required to quell this natural insurrection.

Active endeavors are being made to create a revolution in Gallacia, and in fact from Posen to Pesth the whole country is involved, or on the brink of actual hostilities.

GERMANY.

The quarrel between the Parliaments throughout all the various divisions of Germany, and their respective Princes, has reached the highest pitch, and at Dresden, Leipsic, Breslau and Coblentz insurrections had broken out. At Leipsic the troops had conquered after a short struggle, but, at the other places, the combat was still raging at the last advices.

THE DANISH WAR.

The Danish war still continues, but it is conducted on both sides in a feeble and languishing manner.

On the 7th ult., an engagement took place, in which the Danes were defeated. The loss on either side is not stated.

THE MARKETS.

Cotton had experienced a slight advance, but again subsided to the rates of last steamer.

The Corn Trade is generally heavy. American Flour is buoyant, 22s. 6d. per barrel has been accepted for considerable parcels of Western Canal. Sales of Baltimore at 23s., and of prime Ohio at 23s. 6d. Indian Corn is 31s. to 33s. for white, and 31s. 6d. to 34s. for yellow, with but a moderate demand.

Lard is in fair request, Bacon rather depressed, Hams nearly unsaleable, Pork dull, and Naval Stores dull.

Clippings.

☞ A HINT TO CALIFORNIANS.—Punch says that the best season for gold digging is, when you are in the vein.

☞ The New York Mirror says: "It has been ascertained that, with the exception of a few cases, those who were shot in New York were engaged in the riot; stones were found in the pockets of almost every one."

☞ A Frenchman translating an English book into his own language, on coming to the words "chesnut horse," literally translated it "a horse made of chesnuts."

☞ Chevreau, in his history of the world, tells us that it was created the 6th of September, on Friday, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon!

☞ "I say, Jim, what *mechanical* work did you first do?" said one darkey to another. "Why, why, *cut* teeth, ob course," replied the other.

☞ An old woman, soliciting charity during a storm, which rained cats and dogs, by way of aiding her claim, said "she had seen better days."

☞ Gold Seekers, who had seen enough of the "elephant," were returning to St. Louis on the 9th, by almost every steamer from the frontier. They had to sell their outfit for little or nothing.

☞ Profane language is to conversation what ten inch spikes would be to veneering—splitting, shivering and defacing it.

☞ A wag hearing that in 1830, the brewers consumed 700,000 quarters of barley less than were used in 1730, and yet made a million barrels more beer, asked very pertinently, which had grown smaller, the barrels or the beer?

☞ Every hour a man is in debt, is a year spent in slavery. Your creditor is your master; it matters not whether a kind or severe one; the sense of obligation you incur, saps the feeling of manly independence, which is the first charm of youth.

☞ Ned Buntline denies his participation in the recent riot in New York. He says he was only a spectator.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 26, 1849.

REMARKS.—The inactivity noticed in business for several weeks past still continues, and the transactions have been on a very restricted scale. There has been a better feeling in the Cotton market, and holders have been enabled to realize rather better prices. Flour, Meal and Wheat have been in limited request, but for Corn there has been an active inquiry, principally for shipment to Europe, and prices have advanced. The Money Market continues easy, and supplies of Specie from the West continue to come in freely. The Banks are discounting all the first class paper offering, and the out-of-door rates for good paper are 6 to 7½ per ct. In the Stock Market there has been more buoyancy, and prices of sound Securities are fully sustained, but the fancies are neglected.

The principal exports from Philadelphia to Foreign Ports, during the week ending 26th inst., were as follows:—

Flour, bbls	2,212	Pork, bbls	200
Rye Flour	272	Beef, bbls	4
Corn Meal	454	Bacon, lbs	1,891
Bread	116	Lard	3,373
Wheat, bushels	846	Peas, bushels	100
Corn, bush	1,906	Naval Stores, bbls	347

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been exceedingly dull, but prices have not varied; sales of 3,000 bbls for export at $4,50a4,56¼ for common and good brands, and a choice lot at $4,62½ per bbl; for city consumption prices range from $4,56¼ to 5. Rye Flour has declined; sales of 1,000 bbls at $2,75—some holders, however, continue to ask $2,87½. Corn Meal is dull—sales of 2,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,75 per bbl, and one lot at $2,69.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending 24th inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls 14,554
do.	hf bbls 590
Rye Flour	bbls 789
Corn Meal	5,451

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat have been quite small, but the demand has been limited and prices are unchanged; sales of 50,000 bushels fair and good red at $1,01a1,03, and white at $1,05a1,06. Rye—Sales of 1,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 57c per bushel. Corn has been in brisk demand, and prices are fully maintained—sales of 60,000 bushels yellow at 58a58½ cts in store, and 60a60 afloat, and delivered on board. Oats are dull, and prices rather drooping; sales of 7,000 bushels Southern at 30a32c, 2,000 Pennsylvania at 33a34, and 2,500 North River at 34c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for Pork continues limited; sales of 200 bbls Mess $10,50, and Prime at $8,75. Small sales of city packed Beef at $13a13,50 per bbl. Bacon—There is a good demand, and prices have advanced; sales of 600 casks, Hams at 7a8c; Sides 6, and Shoulders at 5a5½c; 40 casks Shoulders, in salt 4½ cts. Lard has also advanced, and meets an active inquiry; sales of 3,000 bbls and kegs at 7a7½c per lb. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There has been rather more doing, but prices are unchanged. Some parcels of Prints and Cotton Goods have been taken for export.

BARK.—There is a good demand for Quercitron, and it is taken upon arrival at $28 per ton for No. 1. Sales of Spanish Oak at $14a14,50, and Chesnut at $13 per cord.

BEESWAX.—Is in limited demand. Small sales of of good Yellow at 21a21½c per lb.

CANDLES.—There is a fair demand for Sperm at 33a33½c per lb. In Tallow Candles no change.

COAL.—There is an increased demand, but prices are unchanged. The miners in the Schuylkill region have resumed operations, and the supplies by Reading Railroad and Schuylkill Canal are increasing. The boatmen on the Lehigh Canal continue to hold out for higher wages. Several cargoes of Allegheny Bituminous Coal sold at 14c per bushel.

COFFEE.—Market quiet; sales of 1,000 bags Laguayra at 6a6½, and Rio at 6½a7c per lb on time.

COTTON.—There has been an active demand for Cotton, partly on speculation, and prices have advanced fully ½c per lb. To-day, however, buyers hold off for the arrival of the steamer. Sales of 1,200 bales, Upland at 7a8¼c, and Mobile and New Orleans at 7½a8½c. From all accounts from the South and West, the planters have lost full four or five weeks by the destruction of the cotton plants in the late frosts. In many instances also, new seed could not be procured at all, and the lands are replanted with corn. It is customary to have a fair share of croaking about "short crops," year after year; but there is no doubt that present prospects fully justify the belief that the growing crop of cotton will be small, though it may not fall behind that of last year, in consequence of the increased quantity of land under cultivation.

COPPER.—Sheathing Metal is steady at 21c per lb. Sales of 10,000 lbs Old Copper at 15a16c.

FEATHERS.—Are in limited demand, as the season is now over. We quote fair to good Western at 31a34c per lb.

FISH.—There is a fair demand for Mackerel, from store, and, with light receipts, prices have advanced—sales of No. 1 at $10,25a11; No. 2 at $5,75a6,50, and No. 3 at $4a4,25 per bbl for Halifax and Massachusetts inspection. An import of 400 bbls, North Carolina shad at near $6,50 per bbl.

FRUIT.—In Foreign Fruit no sales worthy of notice have transpired. Small sales of Dried Peaches, unpared halves at $1,37½a1,50, and Apples at 60c per bushel.

GINSENG.—Sales of 3,000 lbs Crude at 30c per lb. No sales of Clarified have been reported.

GUANO.—Small sales of Peruvian, at $47a49, and Patagonian at $37a38 per ton.

HEMP.—No sales have transpired this week.

HIDES.—A sale of 1,500 Buenos Ayres on terms not made public.

HOPS are dull; small sales of 1st sort Eastern at 8c per lb.

INDIGO.—Market quiet, and the sales limited at previous rates.

LEAD.—There is no Pig Lead in first hands and no sales have transpired this week. Holders ask 5c per lb for parcels to arrive.

LEATHER.—There is rather less activity in the market, and we have no change to notice in prices.

LUMBER.—The supplies have somewhat fallen off. Sales of 600,000 Eastern Laths at $1a1,01, and 4 feet Pickets at $1,50; 40,000 White Pine Shingles at $7 per M; Yellow Pine range from $11a15, and White Pine from $10 to $14 per M feet.

MOLASSES.—The demand continues inactive, but prices have not varied; sales of 200 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 20a21; a cargo of near 300 hhds Havana, and 35 hhds New Orleans on terms not made public.

NAVAL STORES.—There has been an increased demand for Rosin. Sales of 4a5,000 bbls, at 80c for North County; $1 for Wilmington, and $1,50 per bbl for No. 2 Soap. In Tar and Pitch, we have no sales worthy of notice. Spirits of Turpentine is in moderate request. Sales of 200 bbls, at 33a34c, cash and on time.

OILS.—There is a fair demand for Fish Oils, and prices are fully sustained. Sales of equal to 190 bbls from the vessel at 36c on time; sales of 2,000 gallons bleached spring and winter Sperm at $1,05a1,08. At the Eastward, prices of Whale Oil have materially advanced, and large sales have been made on speculation. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 58a60c, in casks and bbls. Lard Oil is dull; small sales at 50a55c.

PLASTER.—The supplies are light. Sales of three cargoes of Soft at $2,25a2,31 per ton. A sale of calcined Plaster at $1 per bbl.

RICE.—The demand continues limited; sales in lots at 3½a3¾c per lb.

SALT.—There have been no arrivals or sales during the past week.

SEEDS.—The demand for all descriptions of Seed is limited. Small sales of Flaxseed, at $1,45 measure, and $1,30 weight. In Timothy and Cloverseed, no change.

SPICES.—We have no sales to notice, and the sales are limited.

SUGAR.—There has been very little activity in the market during the past week, and most of the supplies are going into store. Sales of 400 hhds Cuba at $4,25a5; 200 New Orleans, at $3,87½ and part on private terms; and 500 boxes Havana and Matanzas brown, part at $5, and part at a price kept secret.

SPIRITS.—Moderate sales of Brandy at $1,90a1,12½ for Bordeaux; $1,20a1,30 for Rochelle, and $1,40a2,75 for old Cognac. In Gin no change. N. E. Rum is dull at 27a27½c. Whiskey sells slowly at 21 cts in hhds, and 21½c in bbls. Apple Whiskey is worth 22c.

TOBACCO.—There is a fair demand and prices are firm. Sales of 200 hhds Kentucky, part Maysville, at 4 to 10c per lb, on time. Sales of 100 bales of Cuba Tobacco at 14a17c. In Manufactured Tobacco moderate sales at steady prices.

TALLOW is dull; we quote Country Rendered at 7½a7¾, and City at 8a8½c per lb.

TEAS.—Moderate sales at steady prices.

WINES.—The market continues very quiet.

WOOL.—No supplies of the new crop have yet come forward, and the stock is too light to admit of any large transactions. Sales of 12,000 lbs in small lots at previous sales.

FREIGHTS.—The market continues inactive. We quote to Liverpool Flour and Meal 2s 6d per barrel; Grain 8d per bushel; Provisions 27s 6d a 30s per ton. To Southern ports the rates are nominal. Colliers are scarce, and the rates have advanced. We quote to Boston $1,50a1,62½; Rhode Island $1,10a1,15, and to New York at 90ca$1 per ton.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	107½	108	Mechanics'*	26	26½
" '64	110	111	Southwark	79	80
" '67	114	114½	Kensington	58	60
" '68	115	115½	P Township	27	28½
" 5s '53	100	101	Girard	11½	11¾
" 5s '51	97½	100	Western	57½	58
War Bty scr	101½	—	Man & Mechs	24½	24¾
U S Tr N 6s	111½	112	Bk of Com	51	52
" 1 mill	110½	—	Camden N J	51	—
Philada 6s	101½	103	Germantown	55	56
" 5s	86	—	Trenton Bkg Co	22	—
" " Gas	—	—	Pittsburg Bank	50	—
County 6s	85	86	M & M, Pitts	49	—
Penna 6s	96½	97	Exchange, Pitts	45	47
" 5s	84½	85½	Com, Cincin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	103	—	Louisville, Ky	96	97
Tennessee 5s	81½	82	Kentucky Bk	96	97½
Illinois 6s	44	—	Northern	105	—
Cincinnati 6s	93	95	Union, Tenn	48½	50
Texas T Notes	6	10	Planters, Tenn	44	45
" bds 8s	—	—	Vicksburg	13	14
Schuyl N 6s	47	47½	Com, Natchez	—	—
" Int	51½	—	N O Gas Bk	118	119
Lehigh N 6s	66½	67	Schuylkill Nav	18	19
" Int loan	55	57	Lehigh Nav	27	27½
" Mort 6s	88	89	C & Del Cl	72	75
C & Del Cl 6s	86½	87	Morris Cl	8½	8¾
C & Am R bds	95	96	Penn & Ohio Cl	33	3¼
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	11	11½
Susqueh Cl 6s	57½	58	Cam & Am R	138	140
Norrist'n R 6s	78	—	Penna R	28½	29
Harrisburg R 6s	88½	90	Bea Mdw R	20½	21½
Wil R 6s	85½	86½	Lykens Val R	25	—
Read R 6s	73½	74	North Am Cl	—	12
" Mort 6s	67½	67½	Susqueh Cl	11	12½
U S Bk Notes	89	90	Norristown R	14	14½
U S Bk Shares	2½	3	Harrisburg R	45	46
N Amer Bk	126	129	Wilmington R	26½	27
Penna Bk	119½	[illegible]	Reading R	17½	18
Philadelphia	126	128	Minehill R	65	67
Far & Mec	58½	59	N Liberty Gas	24	25
Commercial	54½	55	Flem Copper	—	—
N Liberty	46	—	N J Copper	—	—

* Shares been divided into 3 shares.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849.

CALIFORNIA.

Numerous letters have been received of late from California, all speaking the same glowing language as to the abundance of gold, the ease with which it can be obtained, the high price of lots in San Francisco, the expense of living, &c. We give the following as samples. A merchant of San Francisco, writing under date of March 9th, among other things has the following:

"It appears that in all the great extent of the *placers*, there is scarcely a point where gold is not found, and there are places where a bushel of earth yields a pound of gold. In this port the circulation of money is astonishing. All things are high, but principally transportation and manual labor."

A letter dated March 9th, from Mr. Thibault, formerly of New Orleans, to his brother Francis F. Thibault, of the firm of Dubosq, Carrow & Co., New Orleans, says:

The poorest man in this place can show from $500 to $1,500 in gold dust, that he has gathered by his own hands in a month or so. Some have found in three months' time as much as $15,000 to $20,000; but they have been *fortunate*. No one, with the least labor, finds less than $15 to $20 per day; and by persevering and the least good luck, one may find from $50 to $100. *This is truth.* I could tell you of names of persons innumerable, who, eight months ago, were not worth $100, who are now worth $100,000. Some, by good speculation, have amassed from one to two millions in that space of time. There are not many of the latter, but there are some instances.

The New York Tribune adds the following:

THE GOLD COMING.—Col. D. Griffin, of 192 Broadway, has shown us a letter from Mr. F. C. Whitehead, dated "City of Mexico, April 15," in which we find the following additional testimony that the California gold is coming this way.

There are three men here on their way home from California, with three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold with them, which they have made in one year, and which *they showed us*. The news they bring is better than ever, and our spirits are first rate, and our courage equal to anything that may come. Two or three of our party have had the fever and ague, and I have been doctoring them with the Tonic mixture, which cures them right off. There is money enough to be made there, if a man has sufficient capital.

That last clause about having "*sufficient capital*," is rather hard to understand. If "the poorest man can show $500 to $1,500, the product of the labor of a month or so," we do not see why any one may not soon procure a reasonable sufficiency of capital.

The following is an extract from a letter published in a Mobile paper. It is written by Peter H. Burnett, Esq., and is addressed to Colonel Doniphan:

SUTER'S FORT, UPPER CALIFORNIA, February 2, 1849.

COL. A. W. DONIPHAN:—I am here at this point, having been attracted hither by the unlimited gold region of California.

* * * * * * *

Men are here nearly crazy with the riches forced suddenly into their pockets.

* * * * * * *

Colonel, you have been through Mexico and elsewhere, but you never saw anything like the state of affairs here. The accounts you have seen of the gold region are not over colored. About $10 per day is the amount of the produce of one hand. I was in the mines forty days, and was careful to make an accurate estimate. The gold is positively inexhaustible. One hundred millions will be taken out annually in the course of two years.—Town lots at San Francisco are worth $10,000 for the best, and no title at that.

Yours, PETER H. BURNETT.

The California steamships on their return trip, have at length arrived at Panama. The New York Herald says, "it is *expected* that they have to the value of over half a million of dollars on freight, destined for houses in this city." We trust that those who are expecting that half million may not be disappointed. It will do something to remove the incredulity of a very large number of people—people who walk not so much in this matter by *faith* as by *sight*—as to the abundance of the precious metals in California.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Tribune furnishes the following incident of the wreck of the steamer Empire:

After the Empire was struck, and while sinking, two mothers snatched what they supposed to be their own infants, and rushed upon deck, and in their fright threw themselves into the water. One of the devoted parents held the child to her bosom, and both were saved; while the other sustained hers until it breathed its last, yet still holding on to the body until she was rescued. The surprise of the mothers may be imagined when they discovered that in the confusion attending their escape they had each taken the other's child. And while the poor woman who had supposed that her little one was lost pressed to her bosom her own babe, the other was frantic with grief to find too late that she had preserved another's child and lost her own.

ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis is already beginning to revive from the effects of the great fire, the loss of which is now stated at under two millions of dollars.

All the insurance companies, except two, will be able to meet their responsibilities—those two will pay from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

So far the loss of life is not so great as was apprehended.

The city has passed an ordinance requiring that the streets in the Burnt District be widened, and that the buildings to be erected must be fire proof.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 137—adults 56, and children 81.

The Penal Code.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The subject of Capital Punishment has been recently rather elaborately discussed in the British House of Commons, but it is really difficult, from the contrary statistical statements made by Mr. Ewart and Sir George Grey, to ascertain whether the abolition of the punishment of death for all offences excepting that of murder, has had a tendency to diminish crime or to increase it. The sum and substance of the debate may be thus rendered, in the shape of a dialogue:

Mr. EWART.—The number of murders has lately increased in a most alarming degree; it is quite evident that Capital Punishment has not checked that crime.

SIR G. GREY.—On the contrary, if we take a series of years we shall find that murder is the only crime which has not very materially increased. The terror of death throws a protection around human life and deters from the commission of murder. In the ten years ending 1848, there were 61 commitments for murder annually, and the same average obtains for the preceding fifteen years. The convictions for murder in 1811, 1845, 1815, 1817, and 1848, were 21, 19, 13, 19, and 22, respectively. I have no reason to suppose that those for the present year will exceed, possibly not even equal, those of 1848.

Mr. EWART.—The right honorable Baronet asserted last year that in reference to "attempts to murder there had been an increase in the five years ending with 1816, as compared with the five years ending in 1831, from 451 to 1,093; and there had also been an increase in cases of rape, arson, and forgery, in respect to all which crimes Capital Punishment had been abolished." Now, stating the question fairly, I venture to doubt the fact. But, if it were so, these are only four out of the twenty crimes for the commission of which Capital Punishment has been abolished, and I am prepared to show that, in the majority of these crimes, the number of cases had diminished with the abolition of Capital Punishment for their committal. In respect to the alleged increase in "*attempts to commit murder*," certain acts not previously classed among such offences had been treated as such since the abolition of the punishment of death upon conviction, and thus the apparent amount of those crimes had been swollen since that period. It was no doubt true that the number of convictions for rape had increased since death had ceased to be the punishment for that outrage; but it was also true that before the alteration in the law many of the injured parties had refrained from prosecuting except for the minor offence. It was a very satisfactory proof of the improvement of the law that convictions had been increased in the proportion of two to one. Thus the certainty of punishment had been increased; there was no proof of the increase of crime, but only an increase in the number of prosecutions for its committal. With respect to wilful *arson* even the statistics furnished by Sir G. Grey, showed a very considerable diminution of crime in the first six years following the abolition of Capital Punishment. In regard to *forgery*, it appeared that the committals for that offence, for the five years preceding 1836, were 350; these increased during the five years after the alteration in the law to 564, and in five years later to 731. Now it would be found that under the old system of punishment all such forgeries as were not Capital were omitted in the returns, but they were now included. Let the returns for the present time be made out on the same principle as they were formerly, and it would be found that crime had materially diminished with the diminution of Capital Punishment.

Sir G. GREY.—Notwithstanding all that my honorable friend has said in relation to the incorrectness of my figures of last year, I am bound to adhere substantially to the statement which I then made, and to say that crime under all the heads to which he has alluded has increased since the abolition of Capital Punishment.

Mr. EWART maintained that the *onus* lay upon the Government to prove that they could not do without execution in cases of murder; but he was in a condition to show that they could, and to prove by returns that the experiment of the abolition of Capital Punishment had been a successful experiment, as far as it had gone, and ought to be carried further. To say that the community felt that a murderer deserved death, was to substitute feeling for reason; the Government were bound to prove a case of legislative expediency for Capital Punishment in case of murder. (The honorable member stated some comparisons of different periods to show that the number of murders decreased, when and where the number of executions decreased.) He proposed to substitute a certain for an uncertain punishment—for Capital Punishment must always be an uncertain one, unless execution were to follow in every case. Considerable sensation and some indignation had lately been caused by the execution of two persons whose crimes seemed greatly to differ—the unfortunate woman executed at Bristol, and the infamous criminal recently executed at Norwich. The spectacle, and the published account of executions, also were hurtful to public morals, and fed a morbid interest in Capital crime. Capital Punishment produced a reactionary feeling in the minds of the public, diverting their attention from the magnitude of the crime to that of the punishment; and also in the minds of criminals, turning their thoughts from the duty of repentance. Capital Punishment had this extraordinary quality, that it imitated the crime against which it was directed. Once inflicted, too, it could not be recalled; mistake could not be compensated. The abolition of Capital Punishment, whether tried in ancient Rome or in modern Europe, had been attended with success. The principle he advocated was gaining a hold on the people of this country, and the Legislature would certainly have to purge the statute book of this law.

Sir G. Grey said, in reply:—"My honorable friend has reserved his strongest argument to the last, viz: the evils arising from public executions. I quite agree with him that those evils are very great. [Hear, hear.] Nothing is more to be deplored or censured than the desire exhibited by multitudes, and the facilities given them, for mere pecuniary gain, to gratify their most depraved taste—to witness the last dying agonies of a fellow creature suffering the extreme penalty of the law. [Hear, hear.] This is an evil which all should seek to check; but, some thirty years ago, when a bill was brought forward to modify the system of executions, none protested more against that measure than my honorable friend. No doubt there must ever be a strong feeling against any proposal for introducing private executions, seeing it would be regarded as likely to perpetuate this system of punishment—and yet my honorable friend has made the evils arising from public executions his strongest argument. On this point I can say no more than that I entirely concur with him in the censure he has cast upon the scenes attending public executions; but that a public execution is not necessary is shown from the experience of foreign countries. If that question comes before the House to be discussed on its merits, I shall be prepared to give my opinion; but I warn the House against supposing that it is necessary to the maintenance of Capital Punishments to have them public, and, therefore, the arguments of my honorable friend have no direct bearing on that question. [Hear, hear.] Looking at what I had said, on a former occasion, I confess that I can address no new arguments to the House. I will only express the hope that the House will not allow my honorable friend even to lay his bill on the table, [hear, hear,] that you will not by any hesitation raise in people's minds expectations that can only lead to cruel disappointment, and that the opinions of the House will be so firmly and decidedly expressed as to leave on the public mind no doubt whatever as to the views entertained on this question."

As we do not regard the subject of Capital Punishment as merely an English question, but as one in which the universal family of man is interested, we have ventured to extend our comments upon this debate between two very able and good men, who are decidedly of the same school of politics, but who have arrived at diametrically opposite conclusions upon this question, although they have deduced their arguments from the *same "facts and figures."* The debate was continued by Mr. Bright, Mr. Brotherton, and Lord Nugent, in favor of the abolition of Capital Punishment, and by Mr. Drummond, Sir F. Buxton, and Sir Henry Verney against it. On a division, fifty-one members voted for Mr. Ewart's motion, and seventy-five against it.—*National Intelligencer.*

☞ A Pacific Railroad Convention is to be held at Memphis, Tenn., on the 4th of July next. Invitations have been sent to the various cities and towns throughout the Union to send delegates.

Religious News.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

The following is a summary of the Report of the Board, read at the recent anniversary meeting in this city, in the First Presbyterian Church:

The Board has now under its care 24 Missions, embracing 96 stations, planted in many of the most important centres of political, commercial and religious influence throughout the world. These Missions are sustained in Western and Southern Africa, Greece, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia; Western and Southern India, Ceylon, Siam, Borneo, China, Sandwich Islands, and amongst a number of Indian tribes, scattered through the Oregon Territory, Indian Territory, West and Northwest of the United States, in the State of New York, and in Lower Canada. At the annual meeting of the Board in September last, the number of Missionaries and Assistants reported, was 557, since which time, 15 Missionaries, with their wives, have been sent out, in all 30 persons, to join the Missions in Africa, in India, and in the Turkish Empire; which makes the aggregate of missionary laborers, now under the direction of the Board, and depending upon its treasury for support, about 580.

Connected with these Missions are 75 churches, with nearly 26,000 communicants, 1,838 of whom were received to Christian fellowship during the year preceding the annual meeting of the Board in September last.

These Missions have 12 seminaries, for the training of native preachers and teachers, in which there are 586 scholars; 18 other boarding schools, in which there are 183 male and 358 female pupils; also 302 free schools, in which 10,718 children and youth are taught; making the whole number directly or indirectly under the instruction of the Missionaries, 11,845. The common schools at the Sandwich Islands are not here included, as they are now supported by the government.

The printing establishments connected with the Missions are eleven in number. There are also seven type and stereotype foundries, and fonts of type for printing in nearly thirty languages.—16,172,553 pages were printed during the past year, making the whole number of pages, from the commencement of the Missions, 435,010,544.

The ordinary receipts up to May 1st, being nine months of the financial year, amount to $178,387, to which add $20,000, which have been paid into the treasury expressly to liquidate the debt of the Board, which, at the last annual meeting, was $60,000; and the aggregate receipts for the last nine months, are $217,387. The amount paid in, and what yet remains pledged expressly for the payment of the debt, is $46,000. To pay the debt, meet the current expenses, and free the treasury from embarrassment, an aggregate of $90,000 must be realized in the receipts for the remaining three months, May, June and July of the present financial year, or $30,000 per month.

Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Reuben Tinker, of Westfield, New York; Rev. John W. Hall, D. D., Rev. James H. C. Leach, D. D., and Rev. Artemas Ballard, D. D.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (NEW SCHOOL).—Dr. Beaman, from the Special Committee to whom had been referred the memorials on the subject of slavery, made a report.

It recommended that the action of the former meetings of the General Assembly be adopted.—The resolution annexed to the Report contained the following propositions, viz:—

1st.—The right of man to civil liberty.

2nd.—That slavery is unrighteous, and opposed to the interests of all concerned in it.

3rd.—That it is the duty of Christians to use all righteous endeavors to effect the extirpation of the evil.

4th.—Christians are enjoined to abstain from buying and selling slaves, undue severity to them, or the separation of the members of families, by any act of theirs.

5th.—That the Assembly does not recognize the participation of any member in the evils alluded to, but if there is any, the attention of the proper judicatories is called to the same.

The Report was submitted to the Assembly, and appeared to give pretty general satisfaction.

The Rev. Dr. Leach, of Va., moved its acceptance and adoption.

While this motion was pending, the Reverend Mr. Bassett, of Illinois, offered the following amendment:

"That slave holding is a great sin before God and man, and should be treated by the Church in the same way as other gross immoralities."

Mr. B. then delivered a lengthy address against slavery, and in favor of the amendment. The vote being taken upon the amendment, it was lost. The Report of the Committee was then adopted.

A motion being offered relative to corresponding with the *Old School Assembly*, the matter was referred to a Committee of five, which is to report next year.

After the transaction of some further business of minor importance, the Assembly adjourned to meet again next year in Detroit.

METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH.—The Southern Christian Advocate gives the following interesting particulars of Southern Methodism:—

There are nineteen Annual Conferences in the Church South, covering the Southern States and the Indian Territory. The general superintendence of the whole, is in the hands of four Bishops; the regular pastoral and missionary work is entrusted to the care of 1,476 travelling preachers, being an increase, during the past year, of 73.—The total number of superannuated preachers is 108, and of local preachers 3,020, a decrease of 110, though some of the Conferences give no returns.

The total number of members is 491,780, viz: whites 354,258, colored 134,153, Indians 3,375, exhibiting upon the returns of last year, the large increase of 26,253. The Missionary collections of the past year are reported from sixteen of the nineteen Conferences, and amount to a little upwards of $65,000. Putting down the Conferences not reported, according to the returns of the previous year, the aggregate Missionary revenue will stand at about $67,000, an improvement of more than $4,000 upon last year's operations.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY (OLD SCHOOL.)—This body, recently in session at Pittsburg, fixed on Cincinnati, as the place for holding its next annual meeting.

Upon the subject of slavery, it was resolved that it would be inexpedient and improper to propose or attempt any measure in the work of emancipation.

The Report on Domestic Missions was made through Dr. Wm. McDowell. The Board has had 614 clergymen in its employment during the past year, 213 having been added since the last Report, being an excess of increase over the last year of 53. The number of feeble congregations supplied during the past year has been 1,400, situated in 26 States and territories. Missionaries have been sent to California and Oregon, (four to California and one to Oregon,) and it was stated that in all probability a Presbytery would be established in California, at the next meeting of the General Assembly. Twenty-four hundred new members have been added to the Church during the past year, and 1,800 on certificate, being a total of 4,200. The number of new churches built, or in progress of erection, during the past year, has been 120, being an increase of between 50 and 60. The number of Sabbath Schools has been 800, with 6,000 teachers. The number of children in attendance has been 30,000. There have been, besides, more than 500 Bible and catechetical classes.

Particular attention has been paid to the distribution of Bibles and tracts, received from the American Tract Society, and from the society of the Church.

The amount of funds received during the past year has been—at New York, $50,294 37; at Louisville $19,706 30, at Pittsburg, $9,684 34; from the Synod of Ohio, $1,476 58. The excess of increase of funds received over that of last year, has been $14,214 96; and the balance on hand is about $9,000. The value of clothing received at Louisville is about $3,000; at other places, between $8,000 and $9,000. This is distributed among Missionaries about to start on foreign service.

The Rev. Le Roy Davis was sentenced to be suspended from his ministerial functions until the Presbytery had received satisfactory evidence of his penitence. The charge brought against him seemed to be that he had not acted in subordination to the Presbytery to which he belonged, and that he had influenced many members to leave one church to join another. The venerable Dr. Miller, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, tendered for the third time a resignation of his professorship. It was accepted. The salary of the successor of Dr. Miller was fixed at $2,000 per annum.

The stated clerk read the narrative on the state of religion. It is stated that there were 22 Synods, and 122 Presbyteries. Two new Presbyteries will soon be formed in China, one in Western Africa, and one in California.

Miscellaneous.

NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS.

The following classification of newspaper subscribers we take from the Prairie Farmer, and from our own experience we can safely say that the picture is drawn as natural as life itself. First come the

UPRIGHTS.—These are men who take newspapers, pay for them and read them. Observe the order in which these things are done: The pay comes first—the reading next. These men consider they get the worth of their money in the bargain. It seems as fair and just to them that the newspaper should be paid for, as a barrel of sugar or a new coat. They never entertain any other opinion. When the year runs out, or a little before, they are on hand with the pay. There is no more difficulty with them in remembering this period, than Sunday or the first of January. If one of them wishes to stop his paper, he either calls or writes a letter by his postmaster, in due season, like a man. This class is dear to the heart of the editor. Their image is embalmed in his warm affections. May they live a thousand years, and see their sons' sons to the fourth generation. The second class now in mind is the

DO WELLS.—This class is nearly related to the other—so near, that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends. These men always pay in advance in the beginning and intend to do so continually. But memory fails a little, or some mishap intervenes, and the time runs by—sometimes a little—sometimes for quite a period. But their recollection, though nodding occasionally, never gets sound asleep. It pronounces the word in due time,—"The printer is not paid," and forthwith their will to do well kindles into activity. Now comes the paying up—"Meant to do as before. Don't mean to let such things pass by." A publisher can live with such men. They have a warm place in his memory—only a little back of the Uprights. If such a man dies in arrears, his wife or son remembers that he may not have paid up for his newspaper, and forthwith institutes inquiries. They remember that part of the benefit was theirs, and, estate or no estate, see that the printer's bills are not among their father's unsettled accounts. Next come the

EASY DOERS.—These men believe in newspapers. They have fully settled it in their own minds that a newspaper is a good thing. They take them, too. Sometimes at the first they pay up for the first year—at any rate they mean to, pretty soon. If they have done so, they sit down with the comforting conviction that their newspaper is now settled for; and this idea having once got into their heads, refuses obstinately to be dislodged, but keeps its hold from year to year—a truth once—now an illusion, gray and rheumatic with years.

The editor, marking the elongated and elongating space in the accounts current of their dollars, begins to ask if they are dead or have gone to California. Now he begins to poke bills at them. They suddenly start up to the reality that they are in arrears; and, like men, as they are at the bottom, pay up. They never dispute his bills—they know books tell better stories than mere covered memories. If the publisher has faith enough, or a long purse, and can live like a hibernating bear, he may survive this class. But if he is mortal only, woe be to him. The next class is that of the

DOWN HILLERS.—Here we begin to slide over to the other side. The picture suddenly gets sombre. We shall despatch the down hillers suddenly. One of these may take a paper because wife wants one, or the children are zealous to read it—or a neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come, he dismisses all thoughts about it further. If the editor sends a man directly to him at the end of two or three years, he may get some pay for his paper, but with growls and surly looks. He never pays any debt if he can get rid of it, and a newspaper least of all. Still, he hates lawsuits, and constables, and all that. A dun has the same effect on him that a bullet does on a hippopotamus—glancing from his hide, or sinking into the blubber harmless. He is always sliding down hill, and soon merges into another class, that of

THE NIL COM ROUSE.—No matter how this man began his subscription, he never pays for it—not he. "He don't like that sort of paper. It don't give no news. He never did like it. He didn't want it in the first place, and told the postmaster so. He sent back one more than a year ago—besides, he never began to take it till a long time after it came, and he hadn't had only two or three of them, at any rate, and those he hadn't read." Wipe him off. Here comes the

SNAKE GRASS.—It is enough to say of him that he never fails to have a newspaper—two or three of them. When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want pay, he sends back with "stop it." Or he takes up his quarters and leaves for parts unknown. He does not want to pay, and he don't mean to. Get it if you can. Enough for him.

Reader, in which of the above classes are you found?

"MOTHER ENGLAND" whose milk is terribly "*sired*"

At the steady growth of her cast off child,
Now calls him "the vainest of creatures,"
But she really talks with a very bad grace,
When finding fault with the youngster's face,
For having the family features!

☞ The jury in the case of the Rev. Mr. Burroughs, who was tried in the Court of Worcester County, Md., for the murder of his brother-in-law, James R. Bishop, returned a verdict of acquittal. It was proved that he acted in self defence.

☞ Tennessee is said to be the only State in the Union that had not a foot of railroad on the first of January last. This is a mistake. Missouri and Iowa, are in the same unblessed category.

☞ A liberal discounter is a public blessing; a money shaver, in its general signification, a public nuisance. We once heard an anecdote of the distinguished Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Virginia. He met an individual who, on hearing his name, inquired if he had not a relative of the same name in a certain section of country. "Yes," he said, and asked his condition in life. "He has made a fortune," replied the stranger, "shaving paper." "Is it possible," exclaimed Mr. Leigh, "why he left as a gentleman."

☞ Captain S. C. Reid, who was dangerously wounded while in the discharge of his duty in the New York riot, is recovering.

☞ Green peas and strawberries have appeared in the Cincinnati markets, and are plentiful in Louisville.

☞ The overflow of the Mississippi, is said to have injured Gen. Taylor's cotton plantation to the extent of thirty thousand dollars.

☞ All the ports from Buffalo to Chicago are to be visited by an officer under the direction of the Topographical Bureau, for the purpose of taking measures for an official report of the business facilities and necessities of the Lake Country to Congress next session.

☞ In an old mansion in Sweden, belonging to the family of the Count de Ferson, attached to Louis 16th, there has recently been discovered by the workmen while repairing it, a collection of diamonds worth sixteen hundred thousand dollars, and a sum of nine millions of francs.

☞ The Secretary of the Home Department when solicited for office, says to the applicant, "there are no offices to give, none are worth your attention if vacant, and I would advise you to adopt some other pursuit."

General News.

CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.

The following communication, found in the New Orleans Commercial Times, is said to be strictly true:—

"In the summer of 1832, when the Cholera spread all over Middle Tennessee, its course, from Nashville, (where it first made its appearance,) was South. The authorities of Columbia, a town forty-two miles south of Nashville, and containing about two thousand inhabitants, caused fresh lime to be placed at the door of every house, and the citizens were requested to spread it freely on their premises, in the gutter, and in all open lots where there was any stagnant water. It soon reached Franklin, nineteen miles south of Nashville, then Pulaski, thirty miles south of Columbia, where it was terrific, thence to Shelbyville, east of Columbia forty-five miles, where it was worse than at any other place in Tennessee; two miles north of Columbia, in the country it was very bad—nearly half the negroes and whites died on some plantations. In fact, it was all over the surrounding country. Not a case originated in town. The system of liming continued throughout the summer and fall, and it was found that the usual fall fevers were very light, so much so, that the custom of liming has been strictly adhered to annually ever since, and from a sickly town, it is now one of the healthiest in Tennessee."

CENT MANUFACTORIES.

Among the many curious establishments in this city, is one for manufacturing copper coin. The market is so glutted with copper that it has fallen in value far below what it is estimated to be worth as currency. The weight of copper coin is not increased or diminished at the United States Mint to correspond with the fluctuation in the commercial market, consequently private individuals can realize a profit, and yet make the cents of full weight and due purity. The manufactory in Forsyth Street makes smooth pennies and then sends them to Philadelphia to be stamped, after which they are sent to the principal cities of the United States. In this city the pawnbrokers purchase them, paying one dollar for 103 pennies, but the manufacturers would make a profit if they sold them as low as 130 for one dollar in silver. Not only the pawnbrokers but many other persons deal in these pennies, and there are thousands of dollars worth of them in circulation among bakers, milkmen, and grocers. The inflation of the currency from this source, though apparently trifling, causes in the aggregate a heavy tax on the poorer classes. Government should either close these private mints, or at once increase the weight of pennies and call in the old issue.—*New York Sun.*

THE ENGLISH POOR.—Thirty millions of dollars are annually contributed by the People of England to feed their poor! More by six millions than the whole of the ordinary expenditures of our Government, on the Civil List, Navy, Army, &c. The number of persons relieved in England and Wales in 1844, was about two millions, one-eighth of the entire population! One fact indicates some improvement. The poor rate in 1841 was thirteen shillings and a penny per head of the whole population; but in 1844 it fell to nine shillings and two-pence per head, and in 1847 to six shillings and eight pence—one-half less oppressive than in 1841.—*National Era.*

PHENOMENON.—A late Kilkenny paper contains the following:—"On Saturday evening week, an unusual darkness suddenly gathered around this city and vicinity, insomuch that we ourselves were obliged to have recourse to candle-light in order to finish some writing on which we were engaged. A heavy shower fell at the time, but could not sufficiently account for the dense gloom which prevailed—but it is entirely explained by the fact, that the fluid when descended from the clouds was impregnated with some dark coloring matter, so that to the great dismay of the laundy women here, white clothes were actually stained when immersed in it."

NEW MODE OF REEFING VESSELS.—S. Watts, Jr., of Hallowell, Maine, has invented a method of bending, reefing and furling the sails of vessels, by which four men on the deck can furl or reef the main-top-sail with ease and despatch, in the most violent gales. All the top-sails also can be reefed, and the remaining canvass furled, during the time usually required to reef a single sail. No men are sent aloft, and the danger to life, and the danger of delay in a tempest, are alike avoided. The method has recently been examined in Boston, by experienced nautical men, and favorably spoken of by them.

MARYLAND GOLD.—A Darseyville correspondent of the Howard (Maryland) Gazette, says that he observed, a few days ago, a ponderous wagon, heavily laden with gold stone, on its way to Baltimore, from the farm of Mr. Ellicott, in Montgomery County. He says also, the discovery of gold on the farm of Mr. Lloyd Linthicum, is reduced to a certainty; that it exists in great abundance, and is much superior in richness to that of Mr. Ellicott's.

DEATH OF DAN MARBLE.—The Louisville Courier gives some particulars of the death of Mr. Marble, the actor, by the cholera. The play-bills for Saturday were headed "A Cure for the Cholera," and announced that Mr. M. would appear that evening in one of his favorite characters. At this time Mr. M. was suffering from an attack of diarrhoea, which he neglected, and by night he was prostrated, and in the morning dead.

NEW CUSTOM.—The Holland custom of placing looking-glasses outside the windows so as to see who is passing the street, without the observer being seen, has been introduced in Gotham at the New York Hotel, and also at the Irving House.—The New York Sun thinks it a much more modest way of gratifying curiosity, than standing on a hotel stoop, and with eye glass impertinently scanning passers-by.

A NEW SECT.—A religious society was recently organized in the city of New York, on which occasion a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Austin Craig. He entered into an exposition of the peculiar views of this society, the distinguishing feature of which is the denial of sectarianism, and the admission to its communion of all persons of good character who are ready to call themselves Christians.

DESERTION OF WIVES AND FAMILIES.—The Liverpool Standard, of May 3rd, says that on Saturday, the parochial authorities of St. Mathew, Bethnal Green, offered rewards for the apprehension of no fewer than forty seven weavers, who have absconded, leaving their wives and one hundred and forty-one children, to be maintained by that parish.

MATRIMONIAL ATTACHMENT ILLUSTRATED.—We notice in an exchange, an account of a woman whose husband for a State offence was sent to the Illinois Penitentiary—his wife wishing to comfort him in his misfortune, committed a small theft that she might join him, and together with her infant, has been sent to the same House of Correction.

THE POPE.—The Freeman's Journal mentions a rumor that Pope Pius IX. intends to hold an Œcumenical Council at Avignon. The Right Rev. Dr. Blanc, Roman Catholic Bishop at New Orleans, has issued a pastoral address authorizing the collection of "Peter-pence"—a subscription for the Pope—in his diocese.

SINGULAR DEATH.—Three negroes were amusing themselves at Savannah, on Friday week, in *turning* over cotton bales. One of them named William, attempted for a wager to *turn* over a square bale. He won the wager, but the effort cost him his life—the sudden jar broke his neck, and he died instantly.

TOBACCO CULTURE IN AFRICA.—Dr. Davis, of South Carolina, and his brother, are now in Paris with a project before the French Government for extending and improving the culture of tobacco in Africa.

Varieties.

STONE BY THE POUND.—The West Tennessee Whig tells a yarn upon a farmer in that part of the State, who, to make a speculation, put a large *stone* in one of the hogsheads of tobacco, and forwarded it to his commission merchant at New Orleans, directing his merchant there to send him a barrel of sugar. By accident or otherwise the stone was discovered. The merchant took the stone from the tobacco, and put it into the barrel of sugar before he weighed it, and sent it back to the tobacco man in the course of time, and didn't say a word about the stone. But he found it before he had used up more than half of the sugar. This is a fact. He got four cents for the stone, and had to *pay* eight cents per pound for it.

ANCIENT CUSTOM.—Among the antiquities lately received at the British Museum, from ancient Nineveh, is relieve, in the passage of a river by the army of the great King and his allies. The soldiers have taken off their clothes and accoutrements, which, with the chariots, are ferried over in boats. The horses, likewise, being relieved of their trappings, are guided by swimmers. All these are supported by skins, which they blow up as they proceed.

ADAMS AND CLAY.

The paragraph from the Jersey City Telegraph, about a lady in that city using an onion instead of a pin cushion to stick her needles in, and finding the next morning that they all had "tears in their eyes," called to mind an anecdote of the late John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay. We do not recollect having ever seen it in print, but even if it has been, it will, we think, bear repetition:—

When these distinguished statesmen were at Ghent, negotiating our treaty with Great Britain, they occupied a room together. Mr. Clay, who had always been a warm admirer of female beauty, had often remarked the comely looks of their chamber-maid, and had once or twice joked with Mr. Adams about it. One morning he arose some time after Mr. Adams, and on his way to the breakfast table he met the pretty maid referred to. Saluting her in his blandest style, and in his usual easy and graceful manner, while a smile played upon his countenance, he solicited the pleasure of a kiss. It may here be necessary to state that Mr. Adams' eyes always presented a watery appearance, which at times made him look as if in tears. The chambermaid not knowing the cause, we presume, replied to Mr. Clay, with the greatest simplicity imaginable, "why, Mr. Clay, I do not like to disoblige you, but perhaps you will excuse me when I assure you that I have just refused Mr. Adams the same liberty, *with tears in his eyes.*" We need not say that Mr. Clay had too much gallantry to press his suit, but subsequently met Mr. Adams, who joined him in a hearty laugh.—*Newark Eagle.*

Original Essays.

HARMONIES OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. IX.

In my last number were considered the great wisdom and goodness of God, in bestowing on each animal what is peculiarly requisite for its nature and situation. This fitness has been observed by philosophers, ancient and modern, and some of the ancient poets have furnished us with charming pictures, by copying these scenes of nature. The tender Anacreon gives us a striking example. I cannot resist the pleasure of giving to my readers a free, though, I fear, a feeble translation of his ode on this subject:

Nature is wise and bountiful,
Her works with goodness are replete;
For arms she gave horns to the bull,
And to the courser strength of feet.
To the bold lion and the bear,
Sharp teeth and claws, their foes to fight,
Great speed bestowed upon the hare,
Its enemies to shun by flight.
The fish received a living oar,
To rove at pleasure in the sea,
The sprightly bird a wing to soar,
And with a sting she armed the bee.
Reason she gave to thinking man,
To be his guide in his career;
No precious gift did then remain
To be bestowed upon the fair.
Kind Nature made, her power to show,
The chiefest work she e'er designed,
On lovely woman did bestow
Beauty to reign over mankind.
Great kings and princes may command,
May in their kingdoms rule awhile;
But we behold, in every land,
All mortals yield to woman's smile.

But, leaving the Muses to rest, let us descend from Parnassus, and contemplate the laws of motion, which relate to those admirable pieces of workmanship of our wise and beneficent Creator—I mean the insects, which we heedlessly pass by, without notice.

Some of these insects have no *defence*, except the diversity of their motion. When the notopela or elater is laid upon its back, it uses a spring hidden in its breast, and, like a skilful jumper, it falls upon its feet; the butterfly escapes from the birds by its zig zag flight; the spider runs away from its enemies by letting itself down its thread, like a sailor along a cable; the gyranus describes with rapidity circles on the crystal waters, and the tipula lightly execute their dances there without wetting their paws.

If we cast a passing glance upon the fishes, we must perceive that the fluid which surrounds them serves as a means of conveyance; aided by their fins, they travel through their domains with ease and comfort. Nature has provided them with a bladder filled with air, which they have power to empty and again to fill at pleasure; and thus they diminish or increase the weight and volume of their bodies as they rise or fall in the water.

It is not generally known that some fishes, like birds, are provided with an oily gland; with this, their scales are anointed with a substance which protects them from the relaxing effects of the water. But what is most surprising is, that this gland is placed on the head, in such a manner that the simple act of swimming causes the oil to slide over their bodies, and covers them completely. Without this admirable position, this gland would have been useless, as fishes have neither hands nor feet to anoint themselves with this oil.

When we study the laws of motion, and perceive their effects in the celestial orbs which roll over our heads, and on the almost imperceptible insect which puts in play its muscles, bones and tendons, to walk, swim or fly, we cannot but admire the wisdom of Providence. The same law preserves the stars, embellishes Nature and gives life to plants and animals. It is in the contemplation of these interesting scenes, that the Almighty seems to invite us to seek proofs of His wisdom, goodness and power.

BUBULCUS.

Clippings.

☞ There is a vast deal of sound philosophy in the vulgar distich—

"Different men have different opinions,
Some likes leeks and some likes onions."

☞ The Washington Court of Appeals have confirmed the verdict of the Criminal Court, in the case of Tom Hand, convicted of stealing the Government Jewels, on the 8th of November last. He will be sentenced to three years imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

☞ A gentleman having presented his Church with the Ten Commandments, it was wittily said that he gave them away because he did not want to keep them.

☞ A CHANCE FOR A YANKEE.—A prize of three hundred guineas has been offered in England for the best essay on royalty, aristocracy and democracy.

☞ A gentleman addressing a lady whom he was partial to, and who had several articles of his in her possession, said—"Madam, I shall present my *bill* to you shortly, for payment." "You will have to take it out in *billing*," replied the lady.

☞ "What is a rebus?" innocently asked a lovely miss of a black eyed lad. Imprinting a kiss on her breathing lips, he replied: "If you now will return the compliment, that will be a re bus!" She was satisfied with the information.

☞ The bank clerks in Lombard Street, London, carry their checks and bills about with them in cases chained to their arms! The thief cannot steal the case without carrying off the clerk.

☞ "I think," said an old toper, commenting upon the habits of a young man, who was fast making a beast of himself, "when a man reaches a certain pint in drinkin', he ought to stop." "Well, I think," said old Beeswax, dryly, "he ought to stop before he reaches a *pint*."

☞ A new patent stove for the convenience of travellers, has just been invented. It is placed under the feet, and a mustard-plaster on the head draws the heat through the whole system.

☞ Dobbs says, he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. All he has to do is to tell him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

☞ ENCOURAGING TO DRY GOODS DEALERS.—The New York Dry Book states that nine-tenths of all who commence the dry goods jobbing business in that city fail.

☞ A man has been fined five thousand dollars in Tallapoosa county, Alabama, for slandering the chastity of a lady.

☞ THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from a shower in an umbrella shop.

☞ A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said—"I want to see your great Emperor—what are you to him?" The Emperor replied—"I shave him."

☞ "Come, get up—you've been in bed long enough," as the gardener said, when he was pulling up radishes to send to market.

☞ Why is Miss Terry the most puzzling lady in London? Because she is a *mystery* (Miss Terry.)

☞ One reason why the world is not reformed, is because every man would have *others* take a start, never thinking of himself.

☞ National vanity is but personal vanity magnified many million times.

☞ Laugh at no man for his pug-nose—you never can tell what may *turn up*.

☞ The wicked and sensual part of the world are only concerned to find scope and room enough to wallow in; if they can but have it, whence they have it troubles not their thoughts: saying grace is no part of their meal; they feed and grovel like swine under an oak, filling themselves with the mast, but never so much as looking up either to the boughs that bore, or the hands that shook it down.—*Dr. South.*

☞ A letter received in Charleston states that Jenny Lind is coming to America. Doubtful.

☞ A young gentleman who was in the act of popping the question to a young lady, was interrupted by the father entering the room, inquired what they were about. "Oh," replied the fair one, "Mr. —— was just explaining the question of *annexation* to me, and he is for *immediate* annexation." "Well," said papa, if you can agree on a treaty, I'll ratify it."

☞ The Catholic Fast, of Friday in each week, has been abolished at Cincinnati, as it had been previously at St. Louis, during the prevalence of Cholera—meats especially if smoked, being considered of less danger than fish and vegetables.

☞ Every student who would enter Oxford University, must acknowledge his belief in the "Thirty-nine Articles." A good joke is told of a youth, who, being told at his matriculation that he must *subscribe* to the Articles, very innocently pulled out his purse, and asked, "How much?"

☞ If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on Heaven! With God's presence, and God's promises, a man or child may be cheerful.

☞ The editor of the Haverhill Gazette is of opinion that if "any young man is planning to spread his attentions among ladies in general, without assuming the expenses of a family, he is a nuisance in society, who ought to be despised by the men and shunned by the ladies."

☞ Clarified honey, applied on a linen rag, is said to cure the pain of a burn as if by magic.

☞ Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.

I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

☞ "Who is the strongest man?" "The man that can lift his note every day without borrowing."

☞ A chap was asked what kind of a "gal" he preferred for a wife; one, he said, that wasn't prodi-*gal*—but fru-*gal*—a true *gal* and suited to his conju *gal* taste.

☞ Horn, the punster, challenged a sick man's vote at the recent municipal election, on the ground that he was an *ill legal voter*.

☞ The following is from a burial ground in Providence, R. I.:

Her soul grew so fast within,
It burst the outward *shell* of sin,
And so was *hatched* a cherubim.

☞ James, in his novel of "The Forgery," says: "Two officers in plain clothes walked up to the side [of the coach,] and examined every passenger *both inside and out*." Perhaps the officers were clairvoyants.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Wellington, R. S. James, Henry Platt, and E. A. Evans.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, R. M. Stevenson, W. Ramsey and Perrin Locke.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

E. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Fonga.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do do do for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and Canada.

GEO. H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *JAMES A. GILBERT & Co., Publishers, &c. No. 40 Ann Street, New York City.*
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CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 26.—The offering of Beef Cattle for the week were 1,000 head. Of these, 450 were sold and 1200 droves to New York. The prices of Beeves range from $7 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There are about 600 in the market, all sold from $5 to 5,25 per 100 lbs. Cows are selling as follows: $15 to 40 for fresh; $15 to 25 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry.—Sheep and Lambs—The former from $1 to 4; the latter $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, May 28th.—Offered 1,500 Beeves (1,000 Southern) 200 Cows and Calves, and 300 Sheep and Lambs. Prices &c.—The market for Beef Cattle has been rather inactive, a considerable share of the backwardness of buyers may be attributed to the high prices current, we presume; good retailing qualities are selling at from 7½ to 9 cents per lb. These figures may be taken as the general average. About two hundred would be left over unsold; 100 head driven to Boston. Cows and Calves are plentier, it will be seen, and prices a little cheaper, sales at from $25, $30 to $35; 30 left over. Sheep sell at from $2,50, $3 to $5; Lambs $2 50, $3a$4; 100 Sheep left over.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 26.

The foreign news is unfavorable for Flour, and the quotations are 6¼c lower. Sales are confined to the wants of the trade and the East, and reach 5,000 bbls at $4,12½a$4,31¼ for Sup. $4 44a4,50 for the whole range of common to good and favorite State and Western, and $5a5,12½ for prime Genesee. Some lots of round hoop Ohio sold at $4,87½. In Southern the business is not large and the sales do not exceed 500 bbls at $4,75a4,87½. Rye Flour is without material change, and I notice sales of 600 bbls at $3,81¼a3,87½. Meal is rather quiet and quotations are nominally $2,87½ for Jersey, and $3 for Brandywine.

ASHES are unchanged, and in good demand. Sales 200 bbls at yesterday's quotations.

The COTTON market has not yet opened since the steamer, and no business has been transacted.

STEARINE.—About 30,000 lbs changed hands at 6½a7½c, cash.

BEESWAX.—I notice a sale of 3,000 lbs at 21c.

GRAIN.—The market is heavy for Wheat, and the operations are but light; sales 6,500 bushels Ohio at $1,05a1,05 for good to prime. For Corn the demand is less active, and the rates since the steamer are easier. Transactions reach 30,000 bushels at 58c for damaged, 61c for round mixed, 60c for flat, and 60a63c for round yellow. Rye is held at 58c, without sales of importance. Barley is out of market. Oats are rather easier, and quoted at 31a31½c for Northern. A sale of 300 bags of black eye Peas was made at $1,06.

WHISKEY.—The sales embrace 500 bbls at 23a23½c for Ohio, and 21a21½ for Prison; 50 casks Drudge sold at 20½c.

FREIGHTS.—The market is quiet, and quotations nominally as before.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for Pork has been large to-day, and the sales foot up 2,000 bbls at $9,00 for good mess, $10,12½ for favorite do., and $8,25 for Prime; some sour prime sold at private bargain.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—"The Tobacco market is without any special interest. The lower grades are not much inquired for, while the good and better qualities go off without difficulty and occasionally, for a particular kind, high prices are realized. The sales for the week have been fair, at and within the quotations. We note sales of yellow Ohio at an average of $11. We quote as follows, viz:—Maryland $2a5, for inferior common to good and fair; $6 to 15, for fine and better qualities; common Ohio $3,25a7; good $4,50 to 6; fine red and wrappery up to the best qualities range from $6 50 to 14. Inspections 2,551 hhds, including 1,971 Maryland, 407 Ohio, and 73 Kentucky."

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS, No. 56 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 2, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do.	par
Tradesmen's bk	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	10 dis
Susquehanna county	10 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	par
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	60 dis
Tard Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	15 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	½ dis
Atlas bank	6a30 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1½ dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branch's	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	3 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Rockersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	nac
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	50 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$0,50
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For one square, 6 months,	$20,00
For one square, a year,	$40,00
Payment is required in advance.	

ALMANAC.

June, 1849	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
2 Saturday,	4 40	7 20	11 45	
3 Sunday,	4 39	7 21	12 39	D. H. M.
4 Monday,	4 39	7 21	1 9	
5 Tuesday,	4 39	7 21	1 40	
6 Wedn'sday,	4 38	7 22	2 26	Full 5 5 27
7 Thursday,	4 38	7 22	3 12	Last 13 5 33
8 Friday,	4 37	7 23	4 0	New 20 9 17
9 Saturday,	4 37	7 23	4 48	First 26 5 40

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock
May 20,	67	78	80
21,	66	78	85
22,	70	81	85
23,	73	83	86
24,	67	77	80
25,	54	54	57
26,	55	59	59

Marriages.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN D. CALDWELL, to Miss CHRISTIANA RECKARD, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 22d ult. by the same, Mr. JOSEPH COMBS, to Miss ELIZABETH BOLLANGER, both of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the same, Mr. JOHN G. BURR, to Miss MARY ANN THOMPSON, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 7th month, 28th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Mayor Swift, JOSHUA H. WOLLASTON, of Wilmington, Del. to EMILY G. RUMFORD, of Byberry, Pa.

On fourth-day, the 23d ult. at Moores Town, N. J. according to the Order of Friends, GEO. L. GILLINGHAM, of the Borough of Frankford, in the county of Philadelphia, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Benj. H. Lippincott, of the former place.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Joel Haywood, the Rev. MORDECAI CHARLES STORRS, of the New Jersey Conference, to Miss LOUISA MARIA HAYWOOD, of West Creek, Monmouth county, N. J.

On the 23d ult. at Friends' Meeting House, on 12th street, ROBERT PEARSALL, to ELEANOR H. daughter of John H. Warder, all of this city.

On the 10th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Jones, Mr. EBENEZER OSBOURN, to Mrs. JANE M. FRIES, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., LE CHEVALIER ED. VAN COECKELBERGHE DE DUTZELE, of Belgium, to MARY B. daughter of J. L. Roberts, Esq. of Natchez, Miss.

On the 14th ult. at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, NATHANIEL A. BALCH, of Michigan, to ELIZABETH EWING, daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Dungan, of Canandaigua, N. Y.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chambers, WILLIAM SMITH, to SOPHIA E. daughter of Capt. W. H. Elsegood.

On the 21st ult. at the Second Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. C. C. Cuyler, the Rev. CASPER R. GERVOTT, to Miss MARY L. MONTGOMERY, all of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Samuel Irvin, Mr. JAS. GODFREY, of the Northern Liberties, to MARY H. TEESE, daughter of Mr. Samuel Teese, of Kensington.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. JOHN C. COX, to Miss JANE C. DRAYSDALL, all of Philadelphia.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. Joseph T. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM WALLACE, to Miss JANE SKILTON, both of this city.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. HENRY ROSCOE, to Miss HANNAH ABBOTT, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. W. Bishop, Mr. JOS. JOHNSON, Jr. to Miss SARAH L. SHULTZ, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. SAMUEL J. SOMKIN, to Miss REBECCA WESLEY.

On the 4th of April, at the Cathedral, Manchester, England, by the Rev. Charles Richson, M. A., JAMES P. HOLDEN, Esq. of that city, to JANE, daughter of George Jackson, Esq. of Rose Hill, Pendleton.

Deaths.

On the 24th ult. ROBERT DUNNING, aged 30 years.
On the 24th ult. HENRY B. AUNER.
On the 25th ult. FREDERICK BALL, aged 60 years.
On the 24th ult. WM. W. PARKER, aged 14 years.
On the 21st ult. JOHN PIPER, aged 6 years.
On the 25th ult. ROBERT IGNATIUS, son of John and Ann Clarkson, aged 9 years.
On the 14th ult. EMMA MATILDA, daughter of John L. Steeper.
On the 25th ult. Mrs. MARY MAGUIRE.
On the 24th ult. JOHN LOVE, aged 45 years.
On the 23d ult. JAMES, son of Patrick and Elizabeth McNenny, aged 6 years.
On the 23d ult. Mr. JOHN BOYD, aged 70 years.
On the 23d ult. ANN, daughter of James Hamilton, aged 23 months.
On the 23d ult. JOHN HOLMES, aged 41 years.
On the 22d ult. THOMAS W. son of Thomas M. and Fanny L. Wood, aged 4 years.
On the 23d ult. HENRY, son of Jacob and Mary A. Hilt, aged 11 years.
On the 25th ult. MANUEL, son of Manuel and Gertrude Triol, aged 10 months.
On the 14th ult. BENJ. FRANKLIN, son of John and Margaret Van Dusen, aged 5 years and 3 months.
On the 21st ultimo, MARCUS L. son of Lewis T. and Eunice A. [illegible]
On the 23d ult. JOSEPH, son of Joseph and Sarah A. Jones, aged 6 years and 2 months.
On the 22d ult. CATHARINE LUTZE, aged 70 years.
On the 23d ult. THEODORE L. FASSITT, aged 43.
On the 23d ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH MARCUS, aged 79.
On the 26th ult. Mrs. SARAH REALL, aged 84 years.
On the 22d ult. MATILDA M. GRIFFITH, aged 6.
On the 24th ult. Mrs. ELIZA CHAMBERLIN.
At his residence, in Penn's Manor, Bucks county, Pa. on the 16th inst. Mr. JOSEPH BATES, aged 75.
On the 21st ult. Mrs. GRACE MCCLINTOCK, aged 71.
On the 21st ult. Mr. FRANCIS BROWNE, aged 34.
At New Orleans, on the 9th ult. JOHN D. RIDDLE, aged 23 years, of this city.
On the 22d ult. at Newark, Del., Mr. NATHANIEL BAYNE, formerly of this city, aged 68 years.
On the 23d ult. ANNA JOHNSON, aged 61 years.
On the 25th ult. JOHN G. ZALLEY, aged 58 years.
On the 21st ult. MARY, daughter of Philip and Cecilia Holmes, aged 10 years and 3 months.
On the 21st ult. Mr. JAMES W. ORR, aged 41.
On the 21st ult. GEORGE HENRY, son of Joseph and Mary A. Seddinger, aged 2 years.
On the 22d ult. SARAH VIRGINIA, daughter of Maurice and Ephraim Murphy, aged 13 months.
On the 27th ultimo, Captain JOSEPH L. KAY, aged 67 years.
On the 26th ult. GRATZ ETTING, in the 54th year of his age.
On the 18th ult. Mrs. REBECCA, wife of John Virden, aged 77 years.
On the 26th ult. Alderman ROBERT GOODLEY, aged 41 years.
On the 27th ultimo, FREDERICK BART, in the 69th year of his age.
On the 21st ult. Mrs. HANNAH A. HOLBY, aged 54.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 19th to the 25th May.

May 19, received from

S. B. Shreeve	2 00	Dr. J. B. Carlton	2 00
R. W. Ridgway	2 00	J. L. Dodrow	24 00
Rev. W. Hilson	2 00	O. H. P. Stem	50 00
J. G. Hatcher	2 00	J. H. Buckman	5 00
J. N. Richardson	2 00	T. S. Hammond	5 00
W. B. Zeiber	3 00	J. B. Simon	5 00
G. H. Saveurein	2 00	D. Burk	5 00
J. Cherry	2 00	J. N. W. Parkhill	2 00
J. Smith	2 00	E. S. Jeffries	1 37
L. P. Parks	1 00	Mrs. E. H. Clarke	2 00
F. Williams	3 00	Mrs. D. B. Kern	2 00
S. Pervey	2 00	C. W. & J. Huntley	10 00
D. D. Hasse	5 00		

May 21

Mrs. F. Henry	2 00	S. Hart	2 00
F. W. Senseming	5 00	J. Baugh & Co.	2 00
D. M. Stark	10 00	J. Emmart	5 00
R. R. Grim	2 00	C. Hingy	1 00
L. Orendorf	2 00	S. M. Keys	2 00
C. Shry	2 00	J. Y. Nesbitt	3 00
D. B. Bague	2 00	Mrs. C. M. Finks	2 00
O. Moody	2 00	B. C. Barker	2 00
A. Watt	2 50	J. D. Palmer	2 00
C. H. Roberts	10 00	J. Showaker	2 00
B. B. Reid	10 00	Mrs. N. T. Throne	2 00
J. Wright	2 00	Miss E. B. Wells	2 00
H. M. Brooks	2 00	T. S. Hoskins & Co	20 00
W. Singer	2 00	J. D. Werner & Co	10 00

May 22

E. Smith	2 00	S. Bronson	2 00
G. D. Troutman	4 00	Dr. H. S. Mason	2 00
J. H. Gardner	2 00	Mrs. R. A. Clough	2 00
S. Watson	5 00	Miss S. C. Atkins	2 00
J. A. Arbuckle	5 00	R. & A. Dunn	14 00
Geo. W. Evans	6 00	C. H. Harmer & Co	10 00
W. Green	1 00	T. D. Sneezer, Jr.	2 00
J. Hawkins	1 25	H. & C. Weisey	4 00
M. K. McDade	10 00	R. P. Withorst	2 00
W. Elliott	2 00	G. W. Long & Co.	10 00

May 23

J. Wynn	1 25	N. Trewick	15 00
J. S. Jones	2 00	S. A. Garrett	2 00
A. Thomson	1 00	Dr. T. Dewees	1 00
W. M. Scomber	1 00	J. H. Gillespie	2 50
J. Apregee	2 00	R. T. Goddard	20 00
L. Pierce	1 85	W. Coe	45 37
D. N. Beebe	1 00	E. W. Ross	27 00
J. Fitzgerald	1 00	D. Ward	5 00
L. Strickland	2 00	W. K. Espey	2 00
J. Taylor	2 00	J. Shreeve	2 00
S. Robbins	2 00	Mrs. T. Kelly	2 00
H. J. Anson	5 00	Miss E. C. McBride	2 00
Mrs. M. Duval	2 10	T. B. Woodley & Co	10 00

May 24

J. Harrison	2 00	M. Mallory	2 00
Mrs. E. Kugan	2 00	T. E. Loomis	2 00
W. B. Hasseltine	2 00	Dr. J. Boyce	2 00
T. Robinson	2 00	E. Rambo	2 00
M. & K. Gladding	1 00	C. P. Knowlton	2 00
Mrs. M. R. Price	2 00	A. Anderson	22 00
Rev. W. V. Bower	1 00	M. H. Kenny	10 00
J. Jernee	1 00	R. E. Fairchild	4 00
S. D. Scoville	15 00	J. Fitzwater	2 00
Dr. M. L. Weems	2 00	Miss M. A. Parker	2 00
J. P. Wright	3 75	Mrs. C. T. Bell	2 00
A. S. Northrop	2 00	W. N. Rush & Co.	10 00
J. M. Rhoads	2 00		

May 25

W. Nelson	4 00	W. R. Hooper	2 00
R. A. Bossy	5 00	Mrs. C. S. Dill	2 00
J. C. Edmonds	2 00	Miss E. N. Wharton	2 00
C. H. Rossiter	11 00	T. J. Cheney & Co.	10 00
J. L. Mansfield	10 00	B. & W. Leonard	15 00
Mrs. M. C. Perkins	3 00	Mrs. M. A. White	2 00
E. B. Terry	4 00	H. & C. Lewis	10 00
A. Walker	2 00		

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The subscriber invites his friends and the public to call. Carpets to wait off—Plain and Gay.

Also, Carpets Woven for customers as heretofore, at the shortest notice. JOSEPH SWARTZ.
may 12-3m

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Manufactory and store 347 Race street below 10th. Sale store No. 7 Hart's Building.
ROBERT W. KENSIL, Practical Blind maker.
ap14 1y

TREES, ETC.—The subscriber has for sale at his Nurseries, near Burlington, New Jersey, a general assortment of Fruit, Shade, and Ornamental Trees, &c., which he will dispose of on very reasonable terms. Any person wishing particulars can have a catalogue containing names and prices by addressing the subscriber (postage paid.)
mar10-tf GEORGE B. DEACON.

SLEEPER & FENNER
EXTENSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF
PARASOLS
AND
UMBRELLAS
PHILADELPHIA.
mar30 3m

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

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Selected Poetry.

MAN AND WOMAN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Warrior! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the stain'd window shed;
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet through a cloud of years I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner from its flashing spear
Flung out o'er many a fight;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight;
An arm that bravely bore the lance,
On, for the holy shrine,
A haughty heart and kingly glance—
Chief! were not these things thine?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council board;
In festive halls a chair of state,
When the blood red wine was pour'd;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard;
Surely these things were all thine own,
So hadst thou thy reward!

Woman! whose sculptured form at rest
By the arm'd knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er thy breast
In matron robes arrayed;
What was thy tale?—oh, gentle mate
Of him the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of thee?

He woo'd a bright and burning star!
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that follow'd far
His oft-receding plume;
The heart-sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze;
The pang—but when did fame take heed
Of griefs obscure as these?

Thy silent and secluded hours,
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er thy broider'd flowers,
With spirit far away;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains;
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim,—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still and life was thine!—long years,
With tasks unguerdoned fraught,
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought;
Prayers at the cross in fervor poured,
Alms to the pilgrims given;
Oh, happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to Heaven!

Selected Sketch.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

BY REV. HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," not in scenery alone, but everything with which we have to do. And very prominent among the softening effects of distance, is the vague and often deceptive charm it throws around great men—great in mighty deeds of worth or wickedness. In the lapse of years, the closer outlines of character and action are lost to sight. The bolder touches, deprived of their relief, are thus thrown into clearer prominence; and the individual often acquires thereby an access of glorious reputation which he did not merit, or bears a memory more deeply accursed than the pollution of his life would have warranted.

This effect is a source of disappointment as well as of injustice. Whenever the individual has stamped his impress deep on the age he lived in, there is a longing for authentic records of the simple and ordinary occurrences of his private life, that they may be, as they justly should be, the interpreters of his public deeds—the deeds that have made him what he is in the chronicles.

Sometimes, when, for instance, the subject is of especial note, or bears a memory peculiarly endeared, the absence of knowledge about his private life and less pretending conduct, is a serious misfortune. Let me apply these remarks more particularly. Let me refer to Washington. We have few anecdotes of his private life. We know little of him in those humbler hours when he threw off the cares of State or Generalship, and talked, and acted, and laughed, and sported as other men. We have caught impressions of him from his grave countenance in the pictures, and from the ponderous tomes that tell of plans and battles, and sieges and marches, until there are many, I do not doubt, into whose minds it never entered that he could smile and have his hours of sportive gaiety.

The want of chronicles of the life of Washington, of the description that I have spoken of, is especially lamentable, because there is nothing to be feared from them. The private life of that glorious man was as free from stain as his public life was surpassingly admirable. They who cherish the memory of greatness that had no alliance with goodness, may well be rejoiced that nothing remains of it but the record of the actions that have won for it its name. They may well rejoice at the silence of history, fearful that its further story, had it one to tell, would mar the fascinating and deceptive illusion. But the lovers of Washington could gain from every event of his life, whether little or great, only fresh evidence of his exalted purity, his ennobling sense of right, his disinterested self-sacrifice. And how eagerly every little anecdote of his hours of boyhood or manly relaxation that has been given to the world, has been seized upon and treasured up. How many children have been stimulated to inflexible truth, in the face of suffering, by the story that is told of him in his youth—every one knows it—when he injured with his hatchet one of his father's favorite trees; yet told the truth about it in the face of expected punishment. What a bearing this little anecdote alone has exerted over many minds, giving a coloring to the impressions of his whole after and remarkable life!

Those who knew him well, and who possess treasures of these little manifestations of the real man, are fast passing away. Scarce a lonely one is here and there remaining—a relic of the bygone time.—Let us implore of those who know of such, and have gathered from their relations what would create delight and interest through a whole nation, not to suffer them to be lost forever.

There lately died, in the city of Boston, a very respectable negro, name Primus Hall. He lived to an advanced age, and was the possessor of considerable property. Throughout the Revolutionary War he was the body servant of the late Col. Pickering, of Massachusetts. He was free and communicative, and delighted to sit down with an interested listener and pour out those stores of absorbing and exciting anecdotes with which his memory was stored.

It is well known that there was no officer in the whole American army whose friendship was dearer to Washington, and whose counsel was more esteemed by him, than that of the honest and patriotic Col. Pickering. He was on intimate terms with him, and unbosomed himself to him with as little reserve as, perhaps, to any confident in the army.—Whenever he was stationed within such a distance as to admit of it, he passed many hours with the Colonel, consulting him upon anticipated measures, and delighting in his reciprocated friendship.

Washington was, therefore, often brought into contact with the servant of Col. Pickering, the departed Primus. An opportunity was afforded to the negro to note him, under circumstances very different from those in which he is usually brought before the public, and which possess, therefore, a striking charm. I remember two of these anecdotes from the mouth of Primus. One of them is very slight indeed, yet so peculiar as to be replete with interest. The other conveys a high and holy moral, and deserves to be recorded among the public and remarkable acts of our country's saviour, as a brilliant illustration that disinterestedness and true humility were guiding principles of his character.—The authenticity of both may be fully relied upon.

Washington once came to Col. Pickering's quarters, and found him absent.

"It is no matter," said he to Primus. "I am greatly in need of exercise. You must help me to get some before your master returns."

Under Washington's directions, the negro busied himself in some simple preparations. A stake was driven into the ground about breast high, a rope was tied to it, and then Primus was desired to stand at some distance and hold it horizontally extended. The boys, the country over, are familiar with this plan of getting sport. With true boyish zest, Washington ran forwards and backwards for some time, jumping over the rope as he came and went, until he expressed himself satisfied with the "exercise."

Repeatedly, afterwards, when a favorable opportunity offered, he would say—"Come, Primus, I am in need of exercise," whereat the negro would drive down the stake, and Washington would jump over the rope until he had exerted himself to his content.

On the second occasion, the great General was engaged in earnest consultation with Col. Pickering in his tent until after the night had fairly set in.—Head quarters were at a considerable distance, and Washington signified his preference to staying with the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw.

"Oh, yes," said Primus, who was appealed to; "plenty of straw and blankets—plenty."

Upon this assurance, Washington continued his conference with the Colonel until it was time to retire to rest. Two humble beds were spread, side by side, in the tent, and the officers laid themselves down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties that required his attention before he himself could sleep. He worked, or appeared to work, until the breathing of the prostrate gentlemen satisfied him that they were sleeping; and then, seating himself on a box or stool, he leaned his head on his hands to obtain such repose as so inconvenient a position would allow. In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about, and descried the negro as he sat. He gazed at him awhile and then spoke.

"Primus!" said he, calling; "Primus!"

Primus started up and rubbed his eyes. "What, General?" said he.

Washington rose up in his bed. "Primus," said he, "what did you mean by saying that you had straw and blankets enough? Here you have given up your blanket and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit through the night."

"It's nothing, General," said Primus. "It's nothing. I'm well enough. Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me. I sleep very good."

"But it is matter—it is matter," said Washington, earnestly. "I cannot do it, Primus. If either is to sit up, I will. But I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down here with me."

"Oh, no, General!" said Primus, starting, and protesting against the proposition. "No; let me sit here. I'll do very well on the stool."

"I say, come and lie down here!" said Washington, authoritatively. "There is room for both, and I insist upon it!"

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus professes to have been exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the Commander-in-Chief, but his tone was so resolute and determined that he could not hesitate. He prepared himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Washington; and on the same straw, and under the same blanket, the General and the negro servant slept until morning.

I say that this last incident conveys a high and holy moral. It affords additional evidence, and that of the clearest nature, that the reverential admiration of the American people for their Washington is not misplaced. He acted from that pure and deep-seated principle, that true nobility of character and self-respect, which enabled him to bear himself with lofty dignity in the presence of the proudest, and, at the same time, impelled him to respect the rights and sympathize with the sufferings of the humblest.

The first anecdote, trifling as it is, is of moment, because so very little of a sportive nature has been connected with the records of Washington. Few letters of this description have been found among his papers; and few anecdotes of him, of the kind, have been given to the public.

A very interesting letter, of humorous character, was lately presented to the New York Historical Society, written by Washington in 1779. Head quarters were then at West Point, New York, at which place the letter was dated. It not only adds to the testimony to the simplicity of Washington's character, but shows, also, the necessities and embarrassments of the time. It is superscribed, "Dr. Cochrane, New Windsor."

"WEST POINT, Aug. 16th, '79.

"Dear Doct:—I have asked Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but ought I not to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will.

"It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies—of that they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon to grace the head of the table, a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a small dish of greens or beans (almost imperceptible) decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure (and this, I presume, he will attempt to-morrow) we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve feet apart.

"Of late, we had the surpassing luck to discover that apples will make pies, and it's a question if, amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef.

"If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron, (not become so by the labor of scouring,) I shall be happy to see them."

Original Essay.

FACTS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF VEGETATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY J. R. HOWARD.

There are a few facts connected with the philosophy of vegetation, which are much more important than, at first thought, might be supposed; and which, were they properly understood, appreciated and applied, might lead to important results in agriculture and horticulture, and to the explosion of several popular errors and fallacies. They are those connected with the *absorption*, by *plants and trees*, of *nutriment* from the *atmosphere*. Though noticed in treatises on botany, and known to many who have not made that branch of science a study, as facts in the vegetable kingdom, they have not yet, perhaps received that particular attention which they deserve, when their importance, in a most interesting and beneficial point of view, is considered. From careful experiments that have been made, the amount of nutriment thus absorbed by plants from the atmosphere, has been found so great as to almost surpass belief. And yet, that they should thus imbibe any at all, may, at first glance, be a matter of surprise to many, when they contrast the unsubstantial and apparently void state of the atmosphere with the opposite one of the earth, from which they have been accustomed to view vegetation as deriving *all* its nutriment. To such, while it will excite in their minds sensations of agreeable surprise and wonder, it will open a new and extensive field for reflection, observation and experiment.

There are facts well known to the popular mind, which can be accounted for only on this principle. For instance, if a tree or a plant be kept constantly stripped of its *leaves*, it will cease to grow, and soon die. The reason is that it is by or through these, that it derives from the atmosphere an important part of its nutriment, an *indispensable* part; and being deprived of these, and thus having this important channel cut off, it soon ceases to thrive and live. Again, if the tops or vines of the edible roots, as the potato, be kept cut off constantly, the root will not grow any, and never mature; being thus deprived of the nutriment, necessary to be received from the *atmosphere*, through means of the leaves and stems of the plant. This is particularly the case with the *Irish* potato and the artichoke. And this principle of atmospheric nourishment explains how this potato can be raised in what are usually termed "lazy beds." These, it is well known, consist of nothing but wet *straw*, in which the potato is planted, without any soil whatever entering into the composition. This straw is laid, after being made sufficiently thick, on a piece of hard earth, that has been well trampled or pressed, or on boards or plank laid flat on the ground, with a low pen placed around to support the edges of the straw. The potato here springs up and produces, as though in a bed of *soil!* The straw affords a kind of bed or *nursery*, for it to form in; and from its rapid decomposition also a sort of *hot-bed*, which forces it in its growth; and hence the use of these "lazy-beds" in producing *early* potatoes. Now from the circumstance of the potato not being formed and matured when kept constantly deprived of the top or vine, and of the absence of *soil* in these "lazy-beds," it is evident that it must, at least in this case, derive its nutriment principally, or almost entirely, from the *atmosphere*. That, in this case, the decomposing *straw* may and does afford *some* nutriment, we will not attempt to deny; but it must be of a character essentially different from that received from the soil, as the straw must be *entirely* decomposed before it can enter into the composition of *soil*. It is also on this principle (of the imbibing of nutriment from the atmosphere,) that we see wheat, oats or rye, that has been left in straw or chaff exposed to the rain, spring up and flourish for a while. And it is this, too, that will explain the apparent phenomenon of the growth of wheat, when planted in *wet cotton* put in a tumbler or small jar, and kept moistened. It is evident that the wheat must, in this case, derive its nutriment from the *atmosphere*. And the wheat thus planted will be found to flourish best where it can obtain the most *carbon*. Hence it will generally grow best over the mantel-piece in a room that is occupied. But grain thus situated, can never mature, either in stalk or seed, as *size* and other properties are necessary, which can be derived only from the *soil*.

For the reasons which we have shown, *straw* and *chaff* will be found to be the best manure for the "Irish" and "sweet" potato,—the *straw* for the "Irish," and the chaff for the "sweet." The *chaff* may also be equally good for the *Irish*, but the reason it is better than straw for the "sweet," is, that it can be better *mixed* with the soil in which it is planted. The *straw* might, perhaps, do just as well were it cut fine and thoroughly mixed. This is not necessary in the case of the Irish potato, as the potato being formed *above* the "planting" or seed in the straw as a "*nursery*" for it, it is only necessary, after breaking up the ground, to open a deep trench, drop the potato into it at the proper distances, and then fill it with the straw, and cover it with soil, raising the earth over it into a little ridge, so as to prevent it from being "baked" too hard by the rains and sun. Irish potatoes thus planted in autumn, (with a sufficient ridge raised over them) will come much earlier than those planted in spring, in the ordinary way.

It is upon this principle (of the imbibement of nourishment from the atmosphere,) that the "potato disease" may be explained, which has been the cause of such terrible destruction in this most useful crop, particularly in Europe. It is an *atmospheric* disease, just as the Cholera is in respect to the human system; and it is because this potato is so dependent upon the atmosphere for nutriment, that it suffers so from its attacks. Like the Cholera, it has progressed westward in its ravages. And it is only on this principle that the most effectual remedies for this disease can be explained. These are of two kinds; those applied to the *tops* and those to the *root*. The disease, we believe, does not attack the potato until it matures, or is about to arrive at maturity; and hence the cutting off of the vines or tops then, as has been said to have been practised with success, by thus cutting off the communication of the potato with the vitiated atmosphere, was, in effect, *cutting off the disease*. While in vigorous growth, it is exempt from the disease, but as soon as this begins to cease, it then becomes liable to it, as the resistance thus offered against it by the force of this, by the *vis vitæ*, ceases; just as the same circumstances exempt children from diseases which attack the adult. The remedies applied to the root or seed, must consist of such as will, in their action on the plant or top, fortify it against the disease. CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Wit and Humor.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Cincinnati Commercial tells a good story. It says:—"How often is it that a *rosy-cheeked-man*, who never indulges in the use of ardent spirits, is suspected of taking a *drop* now and then. An occurrence which took place yesterday morning verifies this fact.

"Our old friend, William Luck, was passing along Fourth Street, early after breakfast, when his progress was politely arrested by a well-dressed, well-fed gentleman, from the country, with,

"'Sir, can you inform me where I can procure a few gallons of fine old brandy? I wish to take it out to my place for private use.'

"'Well, sir,' said Mr. L., 'I am informed that Mr. S——, of the Bank Exchange, is *au fait* in those matters, and will supply you.'

"So, after showing the stranger where Mr. S—— was to be found, continued,

"'You have the advantage of me—I don't know you.'

"'Nor do I know you,' replied the stranger; '*but you look like a man who knows where the best brandy in town is to be found.*'

"Mr. L. bowed to the stranger, and passed down the street, muttering that he did not know which excelled, the man's politeness or his impudence."

EXCUSE FOR SMOKING.—In the reign of James I., of tobacco-hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their master; till one luckless evening when the imps were huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, lo! in burst the master and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad; "how dare you be smoking tobacco?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth;" another cholic; the third a cough; in short, they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "*Sir, I smoke for corns!*"

MOREAU'S MISTAKE.—When General Moreau, who afterwards forsook the colors of Napoleon, and was killed fighting against his former commander in Austria, was in this city, he was much courted and sought after as a lion of the first quality. On one occasion he was invited to Cambridge to attend the Commencement Exercises. In the course of the day a musical society of undergraduates sang a then very popular ode, the chorus of which was "to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Moreau, who was imperfectly acquainted with our language, fancied that they were complimenting him, and at every recurrence of the burthen, which he interpreted "To Moreau, to Moreau, to Moreau," he rose and bowed gracefully to the singers' gallery, pressing his laced chapeau to his heart. We can easily imagine the amusement of the spectators who were in the secret, and the muttered "Sacre ——" of the mortified Frenchman, when he discovered his mistake.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of young ladies away Down East, last summer, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed,—"Be done sir! Don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for the seeming rudeness, and assured the half offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.

"No?" she replied, archly. "Well, if you didn't—you may do it again," she added, to the no small amusement of the company!

SUPERLATIVE UNCONCERN.—The tranquillity and phlegm of the Scotch in the most extraordinary circumstances, "brings to mind," says Col. [illegible], in his "Random Records," "the incredible tale of the Scotchman's tumble from one of the loftiest houses in the old town of Edinburgh. He slipped, says the legend, off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high; and when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out at a window of the eighth floor, to whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed, *en passant*, "Eh, Saundy, mon, sic a fa' as I shall hae!"

A BOARDING SCHOOL MISS.—I have heard of a young lady "Down East," who sang "alto" in one of the churches. She had been at a boarding school for half a quarter somewhere, and came home perfectly amazed that her unfashionable papa did not dine at "chew" o'clock. There was favorite anthem commencing, "Turn, oh, Lord, oh, turn away!" &c., much performed by the choir. She always chanted it, "Tschurn, tschurn, oh, Lord! oh, tschurn away," much to the edification of the congregation, most of whom were extensively engaged in the dairy business.

AMENDS.—A fashionable Doctor lately informed all his friends in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country.

"Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals."

"Ah!" said the Doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, "pray in what terms?"

"In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before.'"

IRISH APOLOGY FOR BEING LAST.—Felix M'Carthy, of the Kerry Militia, was generally late on parade.

"Ah, Felix," said the Sergeant, "you are always last."

"Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply; "sure some one must be last."

A SUBSTITUTE.—A Prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him he looked like an owl.

"I know not," answered the courtier, "what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honor several times to represent your majesty's person."

THE REMEDY.—"Oh, doctor," said an elderly lady recently, to Dr. H——, the celebrated bone-setter, in describing the effects of a diseased spine, "I can neither lay nor set."

"I should recommend, then," replied he, "the propriety of *roosting!*"

FILIAL AFFECTION.—An Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded:—"The only one of my children who shows me any real filial affection, is my youngest son, Larry, for he never *strikes me when I'm down.*"

For the Ladies.

FROM THE SATURDAY VISITER.

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

Well positively, girls, you are too much trouble. I do believe girls were created on purpose to annoy susceptible young gentlemen and nervous old ladies! Here, Mag has gone off a visiting, and left me to keep house a whole week, with nobody but Mary for help; she would rather make a "play house" than wash dishes. Well, I have been very industrious, and yesterday was office day! When I went there, what was waiting for me amongst the rest of my troubles but the *longest, sauciest* letter "from a Country girl!" It is too bad; and if the world continues getting worse at this rate, the people must all move out of it. Just to think the way girls will talk to old folks! It was not so in my young days! This Miss Sauce box hints that she can quilt as fast as I can, and banters me to go all the way to Mahoning to try. I shall not do any such thing, Annie, for if you have taken such good care of your hands, maybe your fingers are pretty supple. But mark you, your old cotton gloves are not nearly so good as woollen ones you had knit yourself. So, you have a hoe and a sun-bonnet have you; and do not bake your face before a wood fire, but use a stove? All very good so far! You think the complexion of the girls in your region very fine and fresh, do you? And you are neither bilious nor nervous; and "drink your coffee twice a day and tea once!" But you hint the old ladies there answer my description as to being wrinkled and sallow? Well, pretty Annie, how long will it be before you are as old and ugly as any of them? Your health and complexion may endure your diet for years; but sooner or later they must yield! At thirty, women should be in their prime; but how many do you know, at that age, who look as well as they did at eighteen? They drank their coffee and ate their hot cake as you do; and perhaps no one could have persuaded them their diet was injurious. How many coffee drinkers do you know who never have a headache? Two out of every three have it and take a cup of coffee to relieve it, on the homœopathic principle, that what creates a disease will cure it. You may drink your coffee and eat your rich victuals, and still your complexion is fresh and your health fine for some years; but after a while other folks will think of you as you do of those old ladies now, who, you think, would suit very well in a corn field to scare crows. Most likely any of them looked as well at your age as you do, and felt as well, too. Your time is coming. Did you never observe the brilliant complexions, beautiful teeth and full forms of Irish women when they first come to this country? But they are not long here until they look like the rest of us, and people blame it on the climate; but it is not half so much that as the diet. It is the gormandizing of the people in this country which makes them the sallow-faced creatures they are! Whenever I hear of fevers and prevalent sickness in some fine country where there is abundance of pure air and water, with no swamps to create disease, I ask the price of provisions. If turkies can be bought for twenty five cents, chickens for a fip, eggs for three cents per dozen, &c; I am at no loss to know where the sickness comes from! There is Morgan county in Ohio, I had a friend who lived there and there was no end to the accounts of black tongue, erysipelas, lung fevers, bilious fevers and sickness without cessation. It is a hilly country well drained, land not very rich, and pure limestone water; but it was too far from market for the surplus provisions to be carried off, and so the people ate them, and lived under the doctors hands continually. But here in Butler county where "the birds carry knapsacks," I have seen set down for supper for half a dozen persons, a large turkey, two pairs of chickens, a big roast of veal, a great dish of ham, and chipped beef, piles of bread and rusk as white as a snow drift—hot biscuits and flannel cakes—two great pound cakes and a pair of sponge cakes—two dishes of sugar crackers and as many doughnuts—mashed turnips and potatoes—stewed fruit of different kinds with preserves and jellies past my calculation—oh yes! and a dish of moulded rice to be eaten with cream and sugar; and the whole mixture washed down with hot coffee and tea. It was deemed want of politeness not to eat a part of everything on the table; and just to see a lady clearing a plate of turkey, and then "Mrs. —— have some chicken?" "A small piece, if you please, sir!"

The small piece would pass over and disappear. Then for another, or "a slice of veal! You have not tasted the veal?" And some one who has, volunteers the assurance that it "is excellent." Of course a *small piece* of veal must be eaten; and as it would not do to slight the ham, a *small* piece of that follows; then comes the cake, rice, and preserves—the pound cake is so nice that some sponge-cake must be swallowed, and surely one could never refuse a dough-nut! And a sugar-cake—they are so small, you can always eat a sugar cake! The peaches are as good that one is forced to try the pears; and then the quinces! they have been put up on a new plan, and you must positively give your opinion! The strawberries were a present from a friend, and you must eat some strawberries. Susan made that jelly, the first she ever made, and as Susan is very proud of her jelly, it would never do to overlook, or pass it by,—and by the time one gets done, oh! dear, what a supper is made! This is not a solitary instance! I seldom saw a tea-drinking in Butler County, with less eatables than here mentioned; and if any one disputes my testimony, let her summons Judge Bredin! More times than two have I seen him aid to do the honors on such an occasion.

Now, let any one, even unacquainted with the laws of physiology, imagine a stomach with such a load to dispose of! Is it any wonder we are a nation of dyspeptics? It is just exactly you, country girls, who make us so! You cook and eat, and eat and cook—pamper the appetites of those around you, until they disdain plain, wholesome food. When a young man leaves his country home, and goes to a city, he can scarce live, except at an expensive hotel. The rich products of the dairy, and poultry yard, and orchards, are money matters in cities; and it is a blessing they are, for if the folks in cities could live as our rich farmers do, they would not live long! It is nothing but the free, pure air, and general exercise enjoyed by country people, which enables their constitutions to resist so long the effect of their diet. The average health and length of life is not greater among them than city people, because their diet counterbalances their other advantages. I do wish some one who loves statistics and figures would estimate the advantages to a settlement of a *ready market* for provisions! If I ever bet, I should risk a good deal on the position that a country will be healthy in proportion as people *do not* eat their surplus marketing. One-half of all the sickness in our new countries, arises from the people having to be their own consumers. The Irish famine never killed half as many people as the American surplus has done. And I would just ask "Sis" and "Annie," if they would not be as well employed planting flowers, trees, and vines, to beautify their homes, and cultivate the fine and nobler feelings of our nature,—as they are cooking victuals to make people sick and then nursing them to make them well again? You bake, and boil, and fry, and stew, worry and toil, just as if people's principal business in this world was to learn *how much* they could eat—and eat it. You kill about one-half the travelling preachers with chickens and other fixings; and my notion is—you might be better employed.

Selected Articles.

COUSIN ANN'S OINTMENT.—Last week I called to see a sick person, a few miles from home, and as I arrived about dinner time, I was invited to unite with the family at their meal. The lady of the house had a cousin visiting her, a pretty, unsophisticated girl of sixteen, who had never been accustomed to any other fare than pork, potatoes and "flower victuals." As we sat at the table, I observed that this Miss T—— was on the look-out to see what the rest of us were doing—her napkin she left untouched until she saw the others in use, when she copied us all as if she always used one. I was somewhat amused with her *verdure*, notwithstanding her intelligence. She managed very well, though, until, as a sort of dessert, a dish of boiled rice was brought on, and also a dish of sauce, composed, I believe, of sugar and butter, rubbed up together, and a little nutmeg in it. You have probably seen the sauce, thus prepared and recollect its appearance. Well, the rice was served out, and upon the side of each plate was placed a fair proportion of this sauce. This was all *fresh* to Miss T——, and she was at a loss as to the method of procedure—but she soon "learned the ropes," using rice and sauce together. The sauce, however, appeared to be quite as agreeable to her palate as the rice, and I observed that the former was vanishing much faster than the latter; in fact, her rice was soon left sauceless. Then she tried the rice alone—tasted—looked at the dish of sauce—hitched round on her chair—and tasted again; but it was "no go"—she evidently wanted more of the sauce, but knew not what name to give it. At last, after repeated hitchings upon her chair, and looking at the dish of sauce, she screwed her courage up to the sticking point, and addressed her hostess—"Cousin Ann, I'll thank you for a little more of that *ointment!*"

☞ Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send flax.

BLACK EYES, BLUE EYES, AND OTHER KINDS OF EYES.

"A great quantity of virgin white paper has been blackened in idle attempts to cry up black eyes, blue eyes, and all sorts of common-place optics; but, after all, grey eyes must take the palm. Of all the eyes in the world, they are at once the most mischievous and most intelligent; and, a woman who has them, needs nothing else to make insensibility itself fall worshipping at her feet. As a very sensible lady-writer has said:—'Your blue are holy, heavenly, as the sky they reflect; your large brown, sluggish and indolent. We never knew an energetic person with soft brown eyes. Your black are over keen, piercing, and fault-finding; but your grey! Commend us to a good clear grey eye, either in man or in woman. Such a one, bright and deeply set, intent rather on seeing than being seen—though when seen it is never forgotten—such an eye, beneath a well-defined brow, can obtain whatever it deserves.'"

Thus saith a writer whose name we do not know; and whose reputation, if he were known to all classes of eyes, might be deemed questionable.

The color of the eyes depends very much on the latitude and longitude in which their possessors reside.

In Newport, Rhode Island—which, the whole world admits, is the very Paradise of Beauty—you will rarely find a female whose eyes are not as "black as jet." And, then, again, goodness gracious! how they do sparkle! The man who has spent two hours in Newport, and not realised the effects of all powerful love, is a stoic, and something of a vagabond.

The Philadelphia ladies, almost without exception, are what are called hazel eyes—brunettes. They are of that class of beauties which were immortalized by Dibdin, when he wrote his beautiful song, which Incledon sung with so much effect and sweetness:

"I've saved from my toils, many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget,
I've borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
And all for my charming brunette."

The fair of Baltimore possess eyes and complexions very similar to those of their friends in Philadelphia; and, are remarkable for the possession and unostentatious display of all the graces.

The moment you cross the border line of Virginia, you enter on a region of blue eyes; and, they are

"———— those eyes of blue,"

which every man who is not insensible to love, is very sure to remember. We recollect of seeing a pair of them, as they peered from the window of a cottage that stood on the very apex of the Blue Ridge of mountains, some thirty long years ago; and the influence they imparted is not yet obliterated. We often see them in imagination now; and if they should maintain their magical power, some fifty years hence, when we have become as old as Mr. Andrew Jackson Allen, the fact will be recorded in the books of the Society of Royal Antiquarians, as it will prove that the man who invented the aphorism which teaches that, "although the tree be dead, the ivy may entwine," was a man of science and of function.

Kentucky is also a blue-eyed region; and, a class of beauties reside in that glorious country, who, in all that is brilliant and glorious, eclipses those far-famed Children of the Sun, who were worshipped and deified by the ancient Yemmasees.

Whoever has resided in Kentucky, has lived in the land of beauty and of love, where

"———— the gods and their loves"

hold an eternal and a glorious, unchanging, unflagging apotheosis. And, to add to the interests of their superior charms and merits, they unite a matchless spirit of gallantry with their other "delectable powers of fascination and enchantment." If there be, in all New York, a bachelor, who is sighing, dying, and realizing the tortures of Tantalus, or the labors of Sysisiphus, because of the absence of a lady love, let him go to Kentucky, and wed a Rockcastle, or Knox county mountain divinity.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE STRANGERS.

Nay, part not so with distant air, thou cold and stately one,
For in thy mirrored mind I see an image of my own;
Thy words have found an echo in my being's depths, and mine,
I dare to think, thou sister soul! have echoes found in thine.

Oh if we twain did meet in some far-off and lonely isle,
Where never flower did scent the earth, and never sunbeam smile;
Where never voice was heard to break the stillness of the air,
Save of the tyrant sea that held us hopeless captives there—

Wouldst thou not fly to greet my step? wouldst thou not wildly cling
Even to an arm that could to thee nor hope nor succor bring?
Wouldst thou not thank, with bursting heart, the Providence that sent
A brother and a friend to share and soothe thy banishment?

Alas! there are more lonely scenes amid the worldly crowd,
And deserts lone more drear than aught the wastes of ocean shroud;
Nor scent of flower, nor light of day, nor song upon the wind,
Nor love, nor pity, may relieve the solitude of mind!

And even now, the lights grew dim beneath my dreaming eye,
The music died, and you gay throng like phantoms flitted by,
When thou—thou lone one!—didst appear, to cheer with kindred smile,
And break the silence cold and drear that wrapped my desert isle.

Thy words seemed linked with other years, a well-remembered tone,
Thy heart a mystic language spake, familiar to mine own,
Till, madly yielding soul and sense to the enchantment lent,
I could have clasped thee in my arms, and wept upon thy breast!

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

When we commenced our remarks, it was our intention chiefly to comment upon the observation, that it is an *error* to suppose that "woman's field of operation is naturally confined to household matters, one of domestic drudgery and toil." The idea suggested by this language is, that "household matters" are not of sufficient importance and dignity to occupy the highest faculties. Now, while we have no sympathy with attempts to impose restrictions upon any portion of the human race, and fix arbitrary limits to its aspirations or operations, we protest against all assumptions which even seem to imply that the Household is not one of the loftiest spheres a human being can fill, and that household matters necessarily involve drudgery. The *Family* is the great primal institution, established by the Creator himself, as the first and best school for training man for all social relations and duties.—Provision for the Family, the discipline and education of its members, the regulation of all its relations and circumstances, so as to make it fulfil the great ends of its institution, are paramount duties, not to be disregarded by either the man or the woman. His superior physical strength, and his less refined organization, qualify him specially for those external labors by which the granary is supplied; while upon her, more particularly, devolve the duties of dispensing and regulating the supplies.—There is consultation upon every interest; but the execution of the various duties belonging to the external relations of the Household fall more appropriately within his sphere, as the task of ordering its internal condition is pre-eminently her province. Their operations are alike necessary, alike elevated. There need be, there ought to be, no more drudgery in one sphere than in the other. Where the man is able to employ clerks to perform the details of his business, thus relieving himself of exhausting labor, and securing time for a general and wise superintendence, his wife ought to have the means to employ aids in her household, to relieve her from drudgery, and enable her, while exercising a judicious and an energetic supervision over interior arrangements, to give her partner the benefit of her counsels, and her children the advantages of her discipline. Division of labor is just as necessary in the Household as in the Business Establishment. The husband has no right to exempt himself from drudgery in the one, while his wife is left to stagger under the drudgery of the other. Some men will lay out thousands for clerk hire, and grudge as many hundreds for house help.

In the present constitution of society, man, for the most part, cannot bestow sufficient attention directly upon the manners, morals, or minds of his children. Upon the mother, therefore, devolves this mainly duty, and it should be the great effort of both to establish such a division of labor in the Household, as to enable her to supply his lack in this particular. There can be no nobler title for woman than that of MOTHER; there can be no higher field of operations for a mother, than the education—we mean in its most comprehensive sense—of her offspring. No matter how ample the wealth of her intellect, or how highly endowed with all mental and moral attributes, she will need them all, and find fit employment for all, in training and developing those who are bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh. Not that this work should absorb all her life, to the exclusion of other exercises; but this neglected, or badly performed, no services, no performances in any other way, can atone for unfaithfulness here.

WHAT ALL MUST EXPECT.

Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast on your acquaintances will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose earth into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few little years, the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now all this, you know, must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of careless, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer to trifle and delay when the high matters of death, and judgment, and eternity are thus set so evidently before you. And the tidings wherewith I am charged—and the blood lieth upon your own head, and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them—the object of my coming amongst you is to let you know what more things are to come; it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and of sense, to the regions of faith, and to assure you, in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour of laying the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to the God who gave it. Yes, and the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of the men of all generations before the judgment-seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—*Dr. Chalmer's Sermons in Posthumous Works.*

Indian Life.

INDIAN MARRIAGES.

FROM "DAHCOTAH, OR, LIFE AND LEGENDS OF THE SIOUX AROUND FORT SNELLING," BY MRS. MARY EASTMAN.

There are two kinds of marriages among the Dahcotahs—buying a wife and stealing one. The latter answers to our runaway matches, and in some respects the former is the ditto of one conducted as it ought to be among ourselves. So after all, I suppose, Indian marriages are much like white people's.

But among the Dahcotahs it is an understood thing that, when the young people run away, they are to be forgiven at any time they choose to return, if it should be the next day or six months afterwards. This saves a world of trouble. It prevents the necessity of the father looking daggers at the son-in-law, and then loving him violently; the mother is spared the trial of telling her daughter that she forgives her, though she has broken her heart; and what is still better, there is not the slightest occasion whatever for the bride to say she is wretched, for having done what she certainly would do over again to-morrow, were it undone.

So that it is easy to understand why the Dahcotahs have the advantage of us in runaway matches, or, so they say, in "stealing a wife;" for it is the same thing, only more honestly stated.

When a young man is unable to purchase the girl he loves best, or if her parents are unwilling she should marry him, if he have gained the heart of the maiden he is safe. They appoint a time and place to meet; take whatever will be necessary for their journey; that is, the man takes his gun and powder and shot, and the girl her knife and wooden bowl to eat and drink out of; and these she intends to hide in her blanket. Sometimes they merely go to the next village, to return the next day. But if they fancy a bridal tour, away they go several hundred miles, with the grass for their pillow, the canopy of heaven for their curtains, and the bright stars to light and watch over them. When they return home, the bride goes at once to chopping wood and the groom to smoking, without the least form or parade.

Sometimes a young girl dare not run away; for she has a miserly father or mother who does not like her lover because he had not enough to give them for her; and she knows they will persecute her, and perhaps shoot her husband. But this does not happen often. Just as, once in a hundred years in a Christian land, if a girl will run away with a young man, her parents run after her, and, in spite of religion and common sense, bring her back, have her divorced, and then, in either case, the parties must, as a matter of course, be very miserable.

But the marriage that we are about to witness, is a "marriage in high life" among the Dahcotahs and the bride is regularly bought, as often occurs with us.

"Walking Wind" is not pretty; even the Dahcotahs, who are far from being connoisseurs in beauty, do not consider her pretty. She is, however, tall and well-made, and her feet and hands (as is always the case with the Dahcotah women) are small. She has a quantity of jet black hair, that she braids with a great deal of care. Her eyes are very black, but small, and her dark complexion is relieved by more red than is usually seen in the cheeks of the daughters of her race. Her teeth are very fine, as every body knows—for she is always laughing and her laugh is perfect music.

Then Walking Wind is, generally speaking, so good tempered. She was never known to be very angry but once, when Harpstenah told her she was in love with "The War Club;" she threw the girl down, and tore half the hair out of her head. What made it seem very strange was, that she was over head and ears in love with "The War Club" at that very time, but she did not choose any body should know it.

War Club was a flirt—yes, a male coquette—and he had broken the hearts of half the girls in the band. Besides being a flirt, he was a fop. He would plait his hair and put vermilion on his cheeks; and, after seeing that his leggins were properly arranged, he would put the war eagle feathers in his head, and, folding his blanket round him, would walk about the village, or attitudinize with all the airs of a Broadway dandy. War Club was a great warrior, too, for on his blanket was marked the Red Hand, which showed he had killed his worst enemy,—for it was his father's enemy, and he had hung the scalp up at his father's grave. Besides, he was a great hunter, which most of the Dahcotahs are.

No one, then, could for a moment doubt the pretensions of War Club, or that all the girls of the village should fall in love with him; and he, like a downright flirt, was naturally very cold and cruel to the poor creatures who loved him so much.

Walking Wind, besides possessing many other accomplishments, such as tanning deer-skin, making moccasins, etc., was a capital shot. On one occasion, when the young warriors were shooting at a mark, Walking Wind was pronounced the best shot among them, and the War Club was quite subdued. He could bear every thing else; but when Walking Wind beat him shooting—why, the point was settled; he must fall in love with her, and, as a natural consequence, marry her.

Walking Wind was not so easily won. She had been tormented so long herself, that she was in duty bound to pay back in the same coin. It was a Duncan Gray affair—only reversed. At last she yielded; her lover gave her so many trinkets. True, they were brass and tin; but Dahcotah maidens cannot sigh for pearls and diamonds, for they never even heard of them; and the philosophy of the thing is just the same, since everybody is outdone by somebody. Besides, her lover played the flute all night long near her father's wigwam, and, not to speak of the pity that she felt for him, Walking Wind was confident she never could sleep until that flute stopped playing, which she knew would be as soon as they were married. For all the world knows that no husband, either white or copper-colored, ever troubles himself to pay any attention of that sort to his wife, however devotedly romantic he may have been before marriage.

Sometimes the Dahcotah lover buys his wife without her consent; but the War Club was more honorable than that! he loved Walking Wind, and he wanted her to love him.

When all was settled between the young people, War Club told his parents that he wanted to marry. The old people were glad to hear it, for they like their ancient and honorable names and houses to be kept up, just as well as lords and dukes do; so they collected everything they owned for the purpose of buying Walking Wind. Guns and blankets, powder and shot, knives and trinkets, were in requisition, instead of title deeds and settlements. So, when all was ready, War Club put the presents on a horse, and carried them to the door of Walking Wind's wigwam.

He does not ask for the girl, however, as this would not be Dahcotah etiquette. He lays the presents on the ground, and has a consultation, or, as the Indians say, a "talk" with the parents, concluding by asking them to give Walking Wind for his wife.

And, what is worthy to be noticed here is that, after having gone to so much trouble to ask a question, he never, for a moment, waits for an answer, but turns round, horse and all, and goes back to his wigwam.

The parents then consult for a day or two, although they, from the first moment, have made up their minds as to what they are going to do. In due time the presents are taken into the wigwam, which signifies to the lover that he is a happy man. And on the next day Walking Wind is to be a bride.

* * * * * * * * *

Early in the morning, Walking Wind commences her toilet—and it was no light task to deck the Indian bride in all her finery.

Her moccasins were worked with porcupine, and fitted closely her small feet; the leggins were ornamented with ribbons of all colors; her cloth shawl, shaped like a mantilla, was worked with rows of bright ribbons, and the sewing did honor to her own skill in needlework. Her breast was covered with brooches, and a quantity of beads hung round her neck. Heavy ear-rings are in her ears—and on her head is a diadem of war eagle's feathers. She has a bright spot of vermillion on each cheek, and—behold an Indian bride!

When she is ready, as many presents as were given for her are collected and put on a horse; and the bride, accompanied by three or four of her relations, takes the road to the wigwam of the bridegroom.

When they arrive within a hundred yards of the wigwam, Walking Wind's father calls for the War Club to come out. He does not come, but sends one of his relations to receive the bride. Do not suppose that Walking Wind's father takes offence at the bridegroom's not coming when he is called; for it is as much a part of the ceremony, among the Dahcotahs, for one of the bride's relations to call for the bridegroom, and for the groom to refuse to come, as it is for us to have the ring put upon the third finger of the left hand.

As soon as the warrior deputed by the husband elect to receive the bride makes his appearance, the Indians raise a shout of applause, and all run towards him as he approaches them, and while they are running and shouting they are firing off their guns too.

But the ceremony is not over yet. Walking Wind, in order to complete the ceremonies, to be a wife, must jump upon the back of her husband's relative, and be thus carried into the wigwam of which she is to be the mistress.

What a situation for a bride! Walking Wind seriously thinks of rebelling; she hesitates—while the man stands ready to start for the wigwam so soon as the luggage is on. The bride draws back and pouts a little, when some of her friends undertake to reason with her; and she, as if to avoid them, springs upon the back of the Dahcotah, who carries her into the wigwam.

But where on earth is the bridegroom? Seated on the ground in the teepee, looking as placid and unconcerned as if nothing was going on. Of course he rises to receive his bride? Not he, but Walking Wind is on her feet again, and she takes her seat, without any invitation, by the side of him who is literally to be her lord and master—and they are man and wife. As much so, as if there were a Priest and a ring, pearls and bride cake. For the Dahcotah reveres the ceremony of marriage, and he thinks with solemn awe of the burial rites of his nation, as we do. These rites have been preserved from generation to generation, told from father to son, and they will be handed down until the Dahcotahs are no more, or until religion and education take the place of superstition and ignorance—until God, our God, is known and worshipped among a people who as yet have hardly heard His name."

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly traps always hang straight on the wall;"—tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that He has gladdened the earth with little children.

A NEW RACE.—A hitherto unknown race of people has been discovered, it is said, in the interior of Africa. The men are tall and powerfully built, standing seven to seven and-a-half English feet in height, and black in color, although destitute of the usual character of negroes in features. Mehemet Ali sent an expedition up the White Nile in search of gold, and there found this race of people—fifteen hundred of whom, armed to the teeth, came down to the shore of the river where the vessel lay. The name of the kingdom occupied by this people is Bari, and its capital Paterjo. They raise wheat, tobacco, etc., and manufacture their own weapons.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 1, 22, 18, 15, 8, is a city in South America.
My 2, 20, 19, 31, 21, 5, 12, 17, is a river in South America.
My 3, 2, 10, 14, is a county in Kentucky.
My 4, 10, 18, 2, 19, 22, 22, 11, is a lake in the United States.
My 5, 21, 7, 17, 11, 23, is a city in the United States.
My 6, 13, 21, 14, 50, 10, 6, is a town in Missouri.
My 7, 19, 11, 15, is a river in Ireland.
My 8, 9, 2, 17, 16, 11, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 9, 21, 14, 20, 11, 13, is a county in Alabama.
My 10, 12, 19, 19, 8, is a town in New York.
My 11, 10, 13, 2, is a river in Scotland.
My 12, 10, 1, 6, 14, 15, is a county in Tennessee.
My 13, 23, 13, is a lake in Scotland.
My 14, 18, 14, 15, 8, is a town in Peru.
My 15, 10, 18, 2, 14, 21, 8, 6, is a county in Virginia.
My 16, 10, 21, 13, 14, 11, is a town in South Carolina.
My 17, 11, 18, 3, 11, 23, is a city in Italy.
My 18, 20, 23, 5, 7, 17, is a city in Brazil.
My 19, 14, 6, 11, 3, is a county in North Carolina.
My 20, 11, 10, 14, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My 21, 3, 14, 5, 11, is a county in Virginia.
My 22, 1, 5, 23, is a town in Ireland.
My 23, 8, 21, 5, 7, 30, 6, 2, 22, is a county in Mississippi.
My whole is a well known English Author.
RUCNEPS.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 44, 15, 59, 10, 40, 32, 45, 17, 2, 6, 9, 30, is one of the United States.
My 28, 8, 45, 37, 53, 25, 55, 40, is one of the United States.
My 36, 5, 23, 18, 8, 24, 34, 14, is one of the United States.
My 3, 20, 1, 38, 42, 40, 49, 46, 52, is one of the United States.
My 12, 4, 48, 18, is one of the United States.
My 47, 50, 13, 29, 4, 7, 33, 43, 12, 45, 30, 47, 56, is one of the United States.
My 17, 15, 57, 36, 50, 53, 54, is one of the United States.
My 51, 42, 21, 31, 49, is one of the United States.
My 26, 4, 20, 27, 15, 39, 40, 8, 30, 6, 35, is one of the United States.
My 10, 45, 35, 31, 28, 14, 2, is one of the United States.
My 19, 13, 42, 40, 9, 27, 15, 29, 22, 41, 5, 19, 8, 50, 28, is a Republican President.
My 11, 28, 34, 48, 40, is the end.
My whole was a distinguished Foreign Minister.
DICK.

CHARADE.

The first may be seen in the slaughter-man's stall,
The second's a native of British Cornwall;
The third is a beverage, (not from the grape,)
The fourth is a vessel of various shape;
The whole is an article, used by our mothers,
Though not so much prized by ourselves and our brothers.
J. G.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Robert, stealing peaches was apprehended by the owner's son, and to still him, delivered up one half—the son gave him back 20. Meeting with John, he was robbed of half he had left, and John gave him back 8. William soon met him, and forcibly takes away half of what he had, but returns 1. Arriving at a safe place he counted his peaches, and found he had 13-20 of what he had stolen remaining, how many did he steal?
THETA.

QUESTION.

A debt now due amounting to $5,000, is to be paid in ten yearly and equal payments. What is the amount of one of these payments, if the interest be calculated at 6 per cent?
R.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are the nights of summer like notes of hand?
Ans.—They are liable to falling due. (dew.)

☞ Why is the letter T like an island?
Ans.—It is in the middle of water.

☞ Why are false friends like leaves of trees?
Ans.—In summer's prosperous state much love they show;—
But art thou in adversity? then they
Like leaves from trees in autumn, fall away.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.
JOHN FOSTER [illegible].

RIDDLE.—A SIGN.

2nd Arithmetical Question.—484 feet.

A SONG.

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.

'Tis dawn, and still is closed thy door!
My love, why sleepest thou so long?
Why thy sweet slumbers, at this hour,
When the rose wakes, dost thou prolong?
Oh, charming fair,
My heart I bring,
Thy lover hear
Make vows and sing.

Hark! at thy door who knocks for thee!
Aurora says, "I am the day!"
The bird, "I am sweet harmony!"
"My heart is love!" I fondly say.
Oh, charming fair
My heart I bring,
Thy lover hear
Make vows and sing.

Angel or woman, I love thee,
By thee God did my mind improve
Thy charming beauty make for me,
And for thy soul my cordial love.
Oh, charming fair,
My heart I bring,
Thy lover hear
Make vows and sing.
BUBULCUS.

Agricultural.

CLEANSING THE BARK OF FRUIT TREES.

This operation should be performed in early Spring, as well as in mid-summer. The rough loose parts of the bark should be scraped off, as well as moss and other parasites. The bark should be covered with the following mixture, as high as the operator can reach, with an ordinary long-handled white wash brush:

5 pounds whale oil soap,
1 pound fine salt,
1 pound fine sand,
2 pounds potash,
2 ounces nitrate of soda,

dissolved, or mixed with water, to the consistency of cream, and thoroughly rubbed upon the bark.

Many kinds of insects are kept from trees by a solution of whale oil soap alone, and many such as are resident in the crevices of the bark, are destroyed by the salt. The fine sand is intended during the rubbing to scratch the outer coating of the bark, and thus assist the other ingredients' more perfect action. The potash and nitrate of soda will decompose or soften the bark, so that during the summer they will be thrown off by the healthy action of the growing bark. If the above mixture be applied in dry weather, it will become so hard as to remain during several showers, and thus have time to perform its office. Trees with smooth bark, such as the plum, many of the cherries, &c., should be rubbed with a wet rough woollen cloth in a few hours after applying the mixture; this rubbing will cause the sand to clean the surface so perfectly as to give the bark an improved and more healthy surface. Trees so cleansed are not likely to be re-visited by insects as those left with their natural surfaces, nor are they as likely to become bark bound.

EARTH NUTS.

FROM THE ENGLISH GARDENERS' JOURNAL.

The earth chesnut is the indigenous growth of our soil; but like the potato-plant, before its introduction into this country as an article of sustenance, it is now quite neglected, and nobody thinks it worth while to have a plant in his garden, although it is as plentiful in its native and wild state as the potato is in Peru, or in the first place of its discovery. Yet, by cultivation in two or three years, it will, I have not the least doubt, produce as large a quantity per acre, of a root three times more nutritious than the potato, and at less than one fourth the expense. The plant is known to almost every schoolboy; it grows in old pastures, and is called in these parts jar nuts, earth nuts, or earth chesnuts. The plant is like a small key, rather larger than a parsley-plant, and something like that also; it bears a white flower, and is to be found in almost all old pastures in any part of England. I planted some roots of these nuts (but they may be produced from the seed as well) in the year 1840, and they came up beautifully, and in the summer, when I dug them up, I found some of them two inches in diameter, and nearly as large as a man's fist. I roasted some of them, and found them delicious. They something resemble in taste the sweet potato of Virginia, or roasted chesnut of our own growth. They are a rich vegetable production, containing more of the element of nutrition than the potato by three times at least, and will be relished as well by the community as soon as they can be introduced.

APPLYING DUNG TO WHEAT.

"The operations of life are on the surface of the earth, and the most plausible theory of the food of plants supposes, that it is derived as much from the atmosphere as from the soil. We may also infer, that new elements will be produced from the manure and the air, and which may be imbibed by plants. From these grounds I have long been of opinion, that the farm-yard dung, which is now laid on the bare fallows for wheat, might be more beneficially applied as a top-dressing in March on the growing plants. The dung being evenly and thinly spread over the land, it may lie for one or two months; and being then harrowed, it will form a top-dressing for the plants, of no common value, of the minute particles of the dung and soil, and a bed for grass-seeds, of a sort that they never receive. A matrix of different substances, in a finely reduced and comminuted state, resembles the 'alluvium' of nature, in which plants so very much delight to grow."

APPLYING COMPOST.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Messrs. Editors:—Do me the favor to transplant to your columns the following extract from a late "Mark Lane Express;" it is in unison with the views of some of your correspondents on the very important subject of top dressing, and goes, I think, a considerable way into the merits of the system there so ably contested. I would however remark, the proposal to allow the decomposed covering of manure to lie for one or *two months* before harrowing it, embraces a latitude that ought more closely to be defined; the two months bringing us into May, which will in some cases be deemed too late for the operation. And I consider the proposal in itself, as admitting the question, whether harrowing at all be necessary, if the manure, as it ought to be, has been carefully spread at the time of laying on in March.

THE SIPHON FOR WASHING SHEEP.—When in Trumbull county last summer, one of the sheep farmers near Warren informed us of a mode practised in that vicinity of washing sheep, which is quite ingenious, and may be of service to others similarly situated.

Select a place near the bank of the canal where the ground is several feet lower than the surface of the water inside; there place a vat or trough, large enough to hold one or more sheep; then take a Siphon made of tin or copper, say 8 or 10 feet long, and 3 or 4 inches in diameter; the short arm of which is placed in the canal and the long one outside the bank, with a gutter made of boards to conduct the water to the vat if necessary. This furnishes a constant stream, sufficient for washing expeditiously one sheep at a time, without at all disturbing the bank of the canal.

To set the Siphon at work, plunge it into the canal, curve downwards, so as to fill the tube nearly or quite full of water, then stop up the ends, and place it in a position for operation, then withdraw the stoppage and let it run.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

CORN FODDER AND PUMPKINS FOR MILCH COWS.—Messrs. Editors:—The following facts were related to me a few years since by Mr. Charles T. Chase, of Dixfield village. He had, one winter, two cows, both in prime order, and in milk. At the commencement of foddering, he fed on corn fodder; and, in addition, gave each one a large pumpkin a day, feeding and milking himself. During this period they gave fourteen quarts of milk a day. After the corn fodder and pumpkins were gone, he fed on good English hay, and the cows fell off to seven quarts a day.—*Boston Cultivator.*

VERY LARGE MULES.—The Cincinnati papers speak of an exhibition there, of two mules from Scott county, Ky., which are the largest ever seen in that city. "One a black mule, four year old, by Everett & Young's Jack Mammoth, Montgomery county, Ky., is eighteen hands high. The other, the same age, a brown female, by John Scott's Jack, Franklin county, Ky., is eighteen hands high. The two were put on the scales together and found to weigh 3,000 pounds. The price demanded for them is $200 each. Both raised by Mr. Thomas in Scott county."

Miscellaneous.

CLEAN YOUR TEETH.

It is a lamentable fact that people who are remarkably neat about most other things, wholly neglect to clean their teeth. A beautiful set of teeth is no mean ornament, even to a young gentleman—how much more to a lady. Not only for ornament should they be kept clean, but to save us from much pain, and to preserve our health. When we consider how much a decayed set of teeth injure the health, both by hindering us from masticating our food properly and by the bad odor of them, the injurious effect becomes too obvious to be tamely tolerated. If any dispute this, it is those who have become so hardened and accustomed to bad habits, that reform has long since been blotted from their vocabulary, and who prefer living as they have lived, so long as their case demands it. I would advise such to send to a certain tribe of savages in the East Indies, and obtain a coloring substance, used by the natives to dye their teeth a good black—they'll not shew dirt then. Nothing is so disgusting to decency as a black and filthy set of teeth, and nothing adds so much to personal beauty as a neat and polished set.

I have seen—and so have you—a professed gentleman, dressed with the most costly apparel, possessing talents, education and respectability—yet the simple sight of his teeth—oh, horrid!—was enough to annihilate every good impression you had formed of him—a double row of black, slimy and tobacco soaked teeth! See him laugh, if you can endure the sight—"what a horrid front they form!"

I very much dislike to speak ill of the ladies—I always loved them—but they don't always clean their teeth. Still, I don't like to "spoil a story for relations' sake." I know of some very fine girls, exceedingly handsome, kind, virtuous and talented, and was on the point of making a "right smart chance," when that bewitched smile betrayed them, I couldn't love—tut! tut!—I mean admire such teeth. The swelling tide of passion was turned from warmth to don't care-itativeness. I didn't like so much tartar mingled with a coat of last week's provisions.

My dear young friends, I do not talk thus to make you clean your teeth, for I can do no such thing; but if I could, I should. Bad teeth may be advantageous to some. They save the expense of perfumery in sweetening the breath, besides, the expense of a brush is a small amount.

Fathers and mothers, if you love your children, teach them to preserve their teeth.—*Onondaga Gazette.*

THE SONGS OF YORE.

Alas! the good old songs of yore
Have gone quite out of date—
Surpassed by "Old Virginia's Shore,"
And the "North Car'lina State."
No more are heard the pleasing notes
Of "Coming Through the Rye;"
But turn you where you may, you'll hear
"Susanna, Don't You Cry."

To sing the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
A girl could not be led;
But ask her for some "favorite tune,"
She'll strike up "Uncle Ned;"
Then finish off with "Buffalo Gals,"
Or else with "Dearest Mae;"
Forgetting that she ever knew
Some more heart-breathing lay.

Oh, give to me the songs of yore,
That come warm from the heart;
That make each pulse throb with delight,
And bid the passions start.
Sing me the song of "Hours There Were,"
I'll crave not what belongs
To the list of "nigger"—pshaw!—I mean
Of *fashionable* songs.

The Olio.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.—A worthy farmer, living in a country village in France, and a widower, was recently aroused at midnight by the barking of a dog. On endeavoring to quiet the dog, he found him unusually agitated, whereupon the farmer took his gun and went out to look into the cause. All at once he saw a horrid phantom rise up behind the hedge clothed in a white sheet. He turned quite pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. At length he picked up sufficient courage to ejaculate—

"If you are from Heaven, speak! If from the devil, vanish!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Marie ——, to whom you are making love. She is unworthy to share my bed. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B——. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your portion."

This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage.—He accordingly rushed on his ghastly visitor, and stripping off the sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B—— herself, looking excessively foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, had the banns published for his marriage with her.

GALLANTRY.—Irishmen are proverbial for their off-hand gallantry. Yankees, we believe, are equal to the best of them. A case in point:—Recently there came to our city, on a visit, a verdant youth direct from snow clad Green Mountain-dom. His city connections are of some importance, and it was not long ere he had an invitation to an upper ten party. Dressed in his "Sunday go-to-meetins," he was ushered into the parlor at an early hour. Among the company was a very pretty and quite bewitching Miss, to whom the youth paid his special devoirs. She is quite *petite*—he fully a "six-footer." When the company was invited from the parlor to partake of refreshments, the tall youth waited on the pretty, *petite* Miss. They took a position back of the table, where the crowd was large and room scarce. The youth invited his partner to step up on a stair which led out into another apartment. "Oh, no!" she returned, "*I should be too far above you.*" "Not at all," he replied, casting a significant glance at her, "men are a *little lower than the angels.*"

THE POET CAMPBELL.—An American gentleman, while on a visit to the author of Gertrude of Wyoming, told him of a pilgrimage which he and others had made to Wyoming, from their admiration of the author's genius. "It was autumn, and the quiet shores of the Susquehannah were bathed in the yellow light of an Indian summer. Every day we wandered through the primeval forest, and when tired, would sit down under their solemn shade, among the falling leaves, and read Gertrude. It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sound but the song of the birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world."

Campbell took his hand, pressed it, and said, "God bless you, sir, you make me happy, although you make me weep. This is more than I can bear. It is dearer to me than all the praise I have had before, to think that in that wild American scenes, I have had such readers."

THE OASIS IN THE DESERT.—It is an undoubted fact that there cannot exist a nature altogether depraved. Some one redeeming point must always remain, some pure impulse, unwillingly fostered, it may be, by the guilty man, in which we shall find the link that connects him with all the noble and the good among his fellow men, proving him indeed to be a partaker in that same humanity, whose capabilities, at the outset of existence, are so wonderful, for sinking to the deepest corruption, or rising to the most exalted holiness—the first germ of evil may come to a terrible fruition within the soul; the taint may spread and spread, till that undying spirit presents the foul image of the plague-stricken victim; but still one place unsullied will remain, one green spot in the desolate wilderness—a feeble clue, by which we can trace back its origin to the immaculate Creator.

Science and Art.

TERRIFIC LOSS OF LIFE.—Herodotus states that, in the formation of the great Red Sea canal, under Necho, no less than 120,000 Egyptians perished; but does not say how. "The cause of such a catastrophe," says Miss Fanny Corbeaux, "may be surmised from the very nature of the operations. We have only to suppose a very probable casualty—that an unusually high inundation of the Nile broke through the newly made embankments, and suddenly overwhelmed the workmen and the works—to see through the truth of a statement which, under the ordinary process of digging a canal, would appear almost fabulous."

BELL-RINGING.—It has been calculated that it would take ninety-one years to ring the changes upon twelve bells, at the rate of two strokes to a second; the full changes upon twenty-four bells would occupy more than 117,000 billions of years.

GIGANTIC TABLE-LAND.—In Europe, the best example of this formation is the central or Castilian plateau of Spain,—a level of somewhat more than 2,000 feet above the sea; but how insignificant this, compared with the great Gobi plain, one of the tracts of table-land of Central Asia, having a continuous surface of 300,000 square miles, (more than four times that of France,) and an elevation nearly equal to that of the highest of the British mountains; or with those table-lands of the Andes, Quito and Desaguadero, almost co-equal in area with Ireland, and at the enormous height respectively of two miles and two miles and a half, affording a foundation to cities, villages and the industrious works of men!—*Quarterly Review.*